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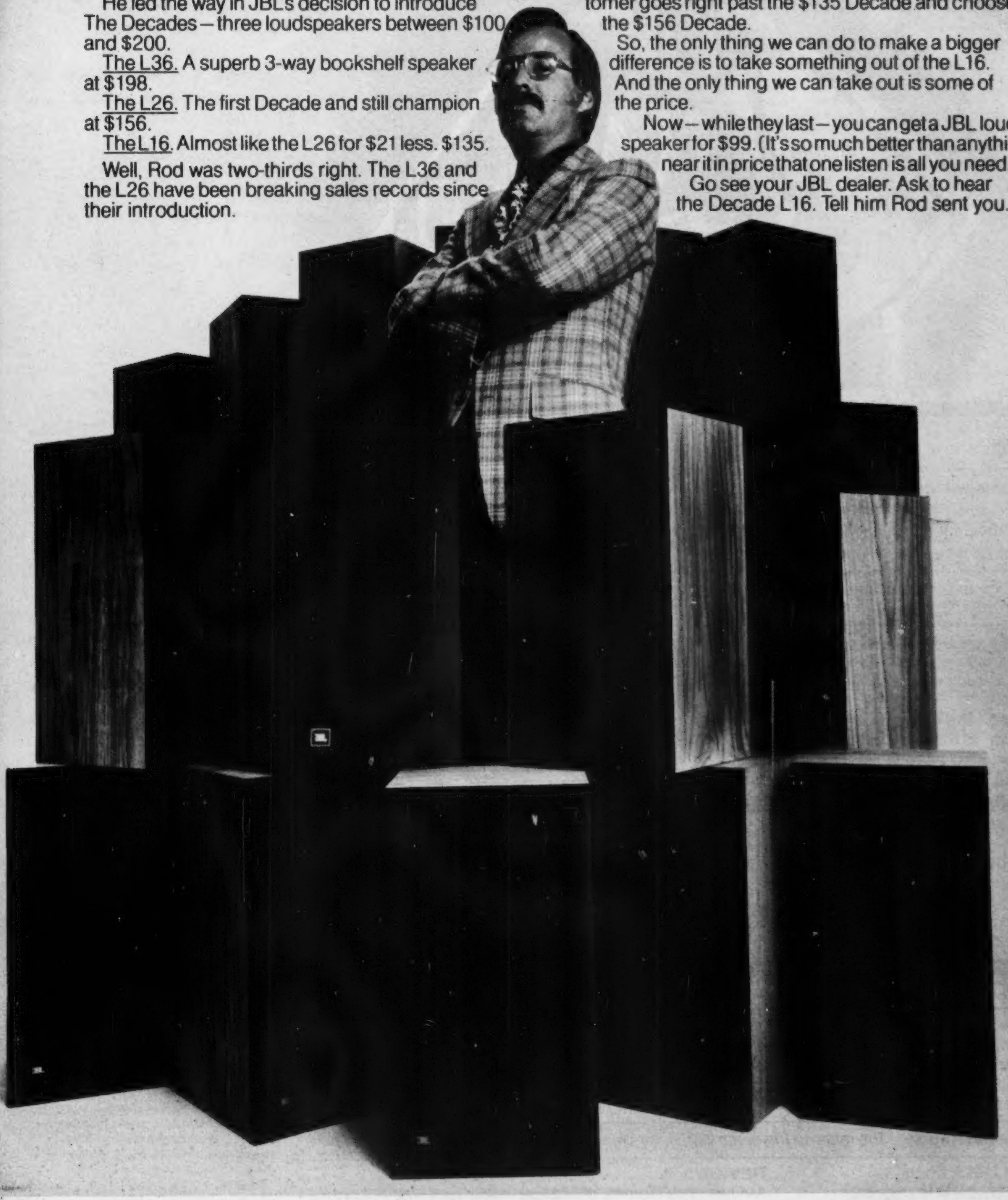

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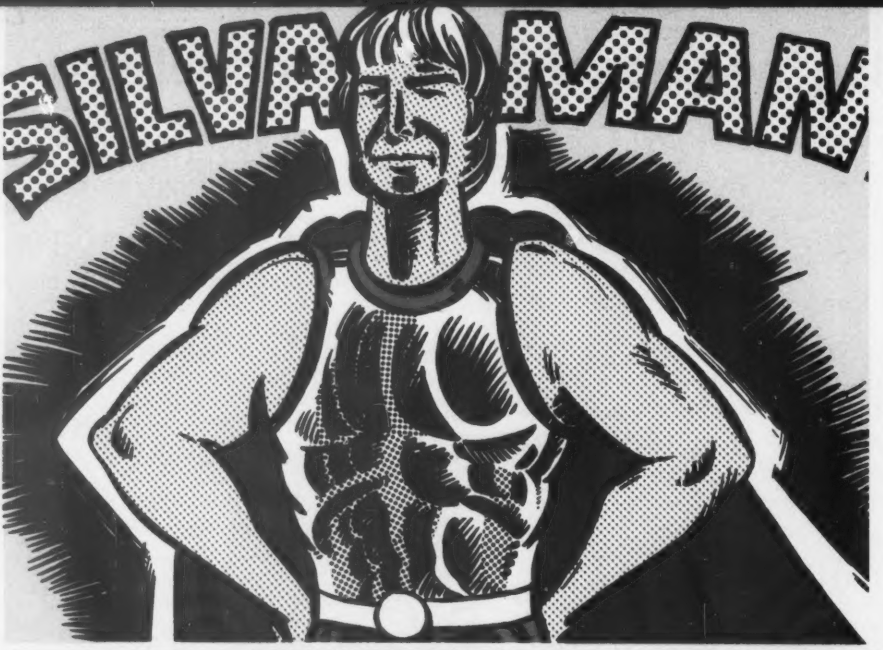

NEW TIMES, May 2, 1975, Volume 4, Number 9

TOP OF THE NEWS

Victims of the Hearst hunt *In the most massive woman-hunt in FBI history, agents have covered up monumental bungling with police state tactics and senseless violence* **By Michael Drosnin** 14

Crime in the sunshine **By Ernest Lendler** 25

"The waste is overwhelming" *Some final thoughts on Vietnam* 29

"Ted" the troller *California's latest occult killer, still on the loose, has probably murdered 22 young women: virtually all parted their hair in the middle and had pierced ears* **By T. Jeff Williams** 34

THESE ARE NEW TIMES

Under control *To skeptics, Silva Mind Control is only the latest incarnation of psycho-chic. But graduates of the course say it has given them extraordinary abilities—including the power to look into the bodies of others* **By Sam Merrill** 40

LOCAL COLOR

The last Republican in Chicago *At a time when things are tough for Republicans all over, no one has had it tougher than John Hoellen, the GOP candidate for mayor who was ground up by the Daley machine this month* **By Douglas Bauer** 54

Special Report *The return of the death watch,* **By Deborah Leavy** 13

LETTERS page 4
SLOW DOWN page 6
FULMINATIONS page 8
THE INSIDER page 9

COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY ROBERT MONROE

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REVIEWS:

Movies: *The Memory of Justice* page 60
Music: *Female recording stars* page 63
Books: *Dog Soldiers* page 65
FINAL TRIBUTE
End of a boffo run
By Mark Goodman
page 68

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"Nuthin' Fancy"

LYNYRD SKYNYRD

Nuthin' Fancy

Spring, Summer Tour, 1975

March	17	Starkville, Mississippi
	18	Hattiesburg, Mississippi
	19	Chattanooga, Tennessee
	21	Tuscaloosa, Alabama
	22	Johnson City, Tennessee
	23	Salem, Virginia
	26	Miami, Florida
	27	St. Petersburg, Florida
	29	Pensacola, Florida
	30	New Orleans, Louisiana
April	1	Lake Charles, Louisiana
	2	Shreveport, Louisiana
	3	Dallas, Texas
	5	Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
	6	Houston, Texas
	7	Austin, Texas
	11	Kansas City, Missouri
	12	Memphis, Tennessee
	13	Evansville, Indiana
April	15	Wichita, Kansas
	16	St. Louis, Missouri
	17	Lincoln, Nebraska
	21,22	Santa Monica, California
	23	Phoenix, Arizona
	24	San Diego, California
	26,27	San Francisco, California
	28	Sacramento, California
	30	Spokane, Washington
May	2	Portland, Oregon
	3	Seattle, Washington
	4	Vancouver, Br. Columbia
	15	Salt Lake City, Utah
	16	Denver, Colorado
	20	Milwaukee, Wisconsin
	21	St. Paul, Minnesota
	23	Chicago, Illinois
	24	Cleveland, Ohio
	25	Detroit, Michigan
May	27	Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
	28,29	Buffalo, New York
	31	Utica, New York
June	1	Rochester, New York
	3	Westbury, Long Island
	4	Hartford, Connecticut
	6, 7	New York, New York
	9	Saratoga, New York
	10	Bangor, Maine
	11	Lewiston, Maine
	17	Hershey, Pennsylvania
	19	Charleston, West Virginia
	20	Washington, D.C.
	21	Norfolk, Virginia
	23	Indianapolis, Indiana
	24	Louisville, Kentucky
July	4	Birmingham, Alabama
	5	Atlanta, Georgia
	6	Jacksonville, Florida

Nuthin' Fancy, a new album (MCA-2137)

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LETTERS

Still nude

Like most so-called Insider columns, yours seems to have as its primary concern the possibility that facts might interfere with a good story. Under the heading "Nude Rider of the Purple Page" (April 4), you relate that I, as Maureen Dean's ghostwriter, am "filtering out the raciest aspects of Mo's revelations." You suggest that I am doing this because I am a Mormon, presumably shocked by Mrs. Dean's "racier side."

Let us start with fundamentals: I am not (repeat not) a Mormon. Nor have I ever been. My Irish Catholic forebears must have all made a turn in their graves at your error. I have nothing against Mormons. I simply do not happen to be one. When I talked with your correspondent (who never asked my religion), he suggested that there was a great deal in Mrs. Dean's background, and wondered if she was leveling with me. I replied that I was astonished at her candor—that she had told me so much (not necessarily "racy") that I would be unable to use it all. He also asked me if the book would include a photo of Mrs. Dean topless astride a motorcycle. I told him that I had heard such a photograph existed, but that I was convinced it did not—because the person who had said he had access to such never produced it. Your Insider would do better if he asked more questions and paid attention to the answers.

Hays Gorey
Time Magazine
Washington, D.C.

Editor's Note: New Times *stands by its story that such a photograph exists and that Mr. Gorey will be editing out some of the racier material in his upcoming book. He has informed his friends of that intention in private. We do apologize, however, for misrepresenting Mr. Gorey's religion. Our reporter apparently forgot that not everyone born in Salt Lake City is a Mormon.*

Deadbeat feats

It was with intense interest and mixed feelings that I read "On Being Taken" (April 4) by Robert Ward. I am a collector for a furniture store but would not dare try some of the stunts Barney Matthews used in collecting for a bank. Indeed, if he tried that manhandling down South, I believe, he would not live to tell the tale.

I have heard of every excuse in and out of the book. The best is the one by a young buck about to be drafted. He told me he couldn't pay me because he had to go to the hospital and be circumcised! Another deadbeat had no money to pay me but she had money to go from the East to the West Coast to see her sick brother-in-law!

The deadbeats change their names, play hide and seek with the collector as seeker. Mama hid behind the curtains in the front bedroom but left her shoes showing. She instructed her child to tell the collector her mother was not home, had gone to town. "Next time she goes tell her to take her feet with her," the collector advised.

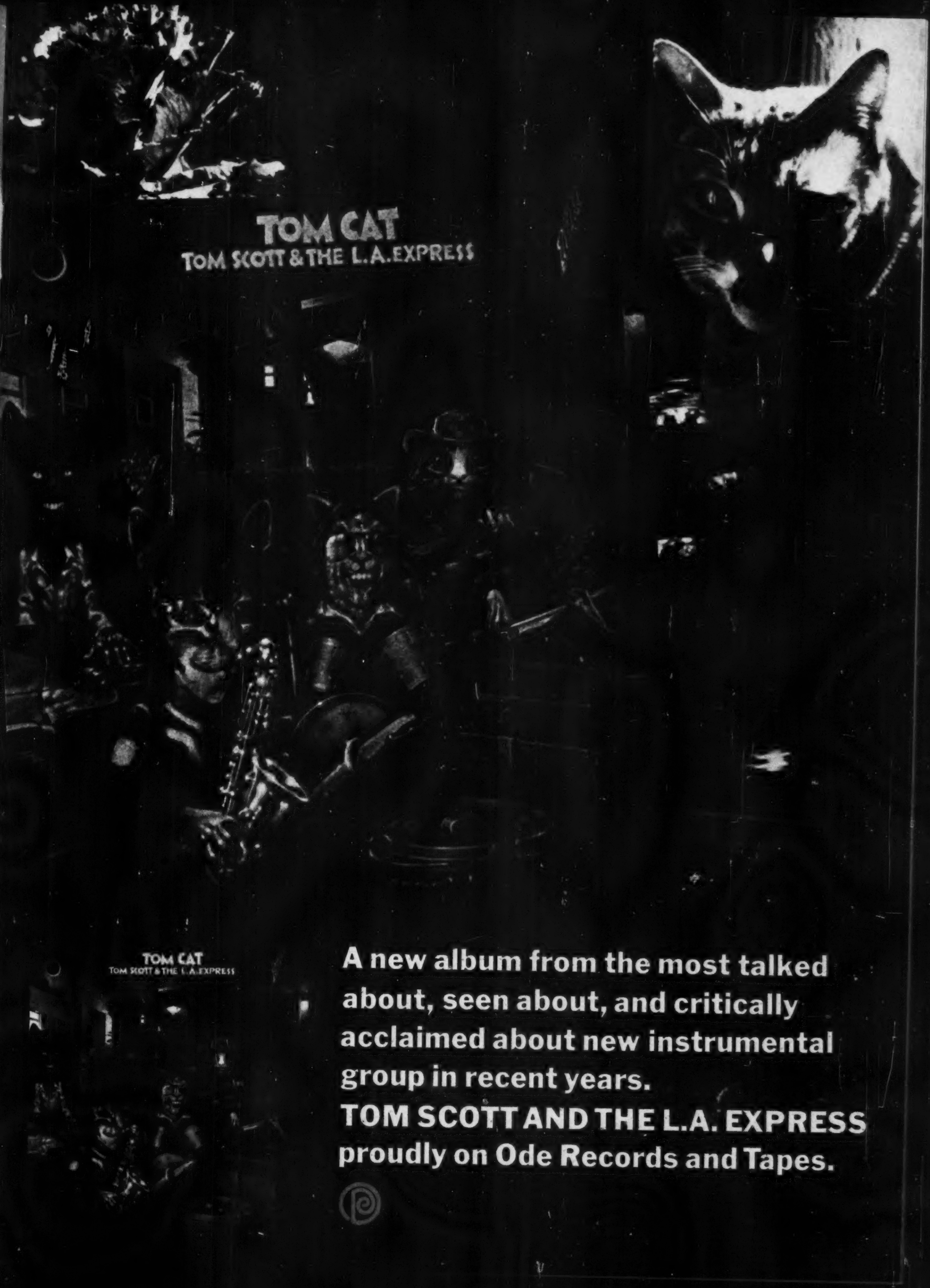
J. Wilson Harrison
Spartanburg, South Carolina

Au courant

While *New Times* has a tremendous record of being on top of the news, your article "The Ten Brightest Congressmen" (April 4) showed how far behind the news a reporter can be. While I'm sure Larry King chose the ten brightest congressmen, he did not choose very accurate examples of "non-bright" places a congressman could come from. The reference to people in Pocatello in such an inaccurate manner (in effect, calling them outcasts from the intelligent parts of the world) brings great distress to the respectable citizens of this fine town.

For clarification, Mr. King, there has not been a log-rolling event in Pocatello for as far back as I can remember. In fact, to undertake a log-rolling contest in the Portneuf River could be fatal, with its rapids and fast undercurrent. While I can't speak for Cedar Rapids (although I'm sure they have similar feelings), the "simple-minded errand boys" representing us in Washington are representing some of the more "bright" people in the U.S. Pocatello has probably the brightest future in this recessionary period of any city in the Pacific Northwest, if not the entire nation. Our unemployment has been recorded in the area of 3 percent, and housing is booming. In addition, Pocatello has received national recognition for developing a Youth Advisory Board (reportedly the only board of its type in the Western United States). The "folks" back in Pocatello deserve more from the simple-minded, fuel-guzzling aristocratic rubber stampers from the multi-district suburban plains of the East.

David C. Price
Pocatello, Idaho



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The baby-lift

SLOW DOWN

By James S. Kunen

We've really outdone ourselves this time. When it seems there is no more harm we can do to Vietnam, we come up with a way to do more harm: Yankee ingenuity invents the baby-lift.

Don't get me wrong. I admire those Americans who've been waiting 18 months to adopt children who need adopting. But suddenly everybody's just *got* to have one, and the Agency for International Development lays plans to send planes to fly off, like perverted storks, with 3,000 to 4,000 more Vietnamese children; and one wonders whose needs this serves. Flying children to a safe area is one thing. Flying them to America is another.

Only in America could the baby-lift be conceived. Nations have stolen children before, and nations have rescued children, but to steal children while *believing* that we are rescuing them—only in America.

First of all, it's *efficient.* We fly in planeloads of guns and ammunition (praise the Lord), which keep the war going, killing civilians, creating orphans, and then the same planes, rather than flying back empty, load up with the orphans. Guns in, orphans out: no fly-time wasted.

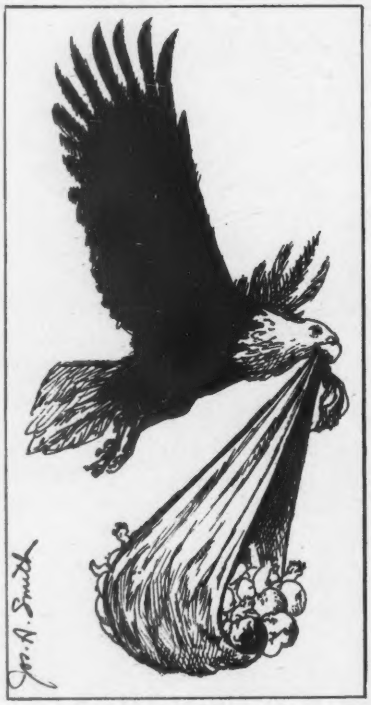
It's efficient, and it's well-intentioned. The roads of America are paved with good intentions. All America loves an airlift—the quintessential dramatic gesture. Lots of hardware, lots of know-how, maximum speed, and it's simple, direct, no-nonsense: the Seventh Cavalry to the rescue! The Seventh Cavalry doesn't sit down and try to solve complex problems. That not the Seventh Cavalry *Way.* The Seventh Cavalry storms in, trumpets blaring, and when the dust settles, everything is all right.

But in real life, it *isn't* all right.

The social critic Philip Slater has written, "Whatever realism we may display in technical areas, our approach to social issues inevitably falls back on cinematic tradition, in which social problems are resolved by gesture. Deeply embedded in [our] social consciousness. . .is a series of climactic movie scenes. . . ."

We prefer to shoot first and ask questions afterward, or, better yet, not ask questions at all.

About the baby-lift, we can't imagine there could *be* any questions. Those babies are *the luckiest kids in the world.* You'll never find them with lampshades on their heads slogging around behind water buffalos. No sir, these kids will cop burgers in Chevies someday. And wasn't that what we always wanted for the Vietnamese? If we can't take MacDonald's to Vietnam, we can still bring the Vietnamese to MacDonald's. Hell, they *deserve* a break.



Certainly there *are* advantages to living in America, not the least of which is that we tend to bomb rather than *be* bombed.

In the war to sustain the Thieu regime, 215,000 children under 14 years old were killed, just in *South* Vietnam, between 1965 and 1974. *Nine hundred thousand* children had one or both of their parents killed. The U.S. government responded by allocating *1 percent* of its aid to Thieu for the assistance of children.

We obviously bear heavy responsibility for the plight of the children, and, just as obviously, the baby-lift cannot touch more than a tiny percentage of them. Worse, its photogenic sentimentality tends to blind us to the needs of the 900,000 off-camera.

It would be strange for us to start worrying now about what the *Vietnamese* think—but it happens that they are virtually all opposed to the removal of their children. All that "red tape" we talk about cutting is not accidental. Saigon officials require 83 forms for an adoption because even they have some national pride and think that Vietnamese should be raised as Vietnamese, that Huynh Minhs should not be made into John Davids. They also know that the communists aren't going to hurt children. It's the adults who collaborated with us who may be in trouble—and for them we have done nothing.

There are some Vietnamese children who could benefit from intercountry adoption—for instance, those with serious medical problems. And the offspring of American servicemen, especially blacks and Hispanics, face some prejudice in Vietnam, though the U.S. does seem an odd refuge from racial discrimination. In any case, contrary to popular belief, the vast majority of orphans adopted by Americans are pure Vietnamese.

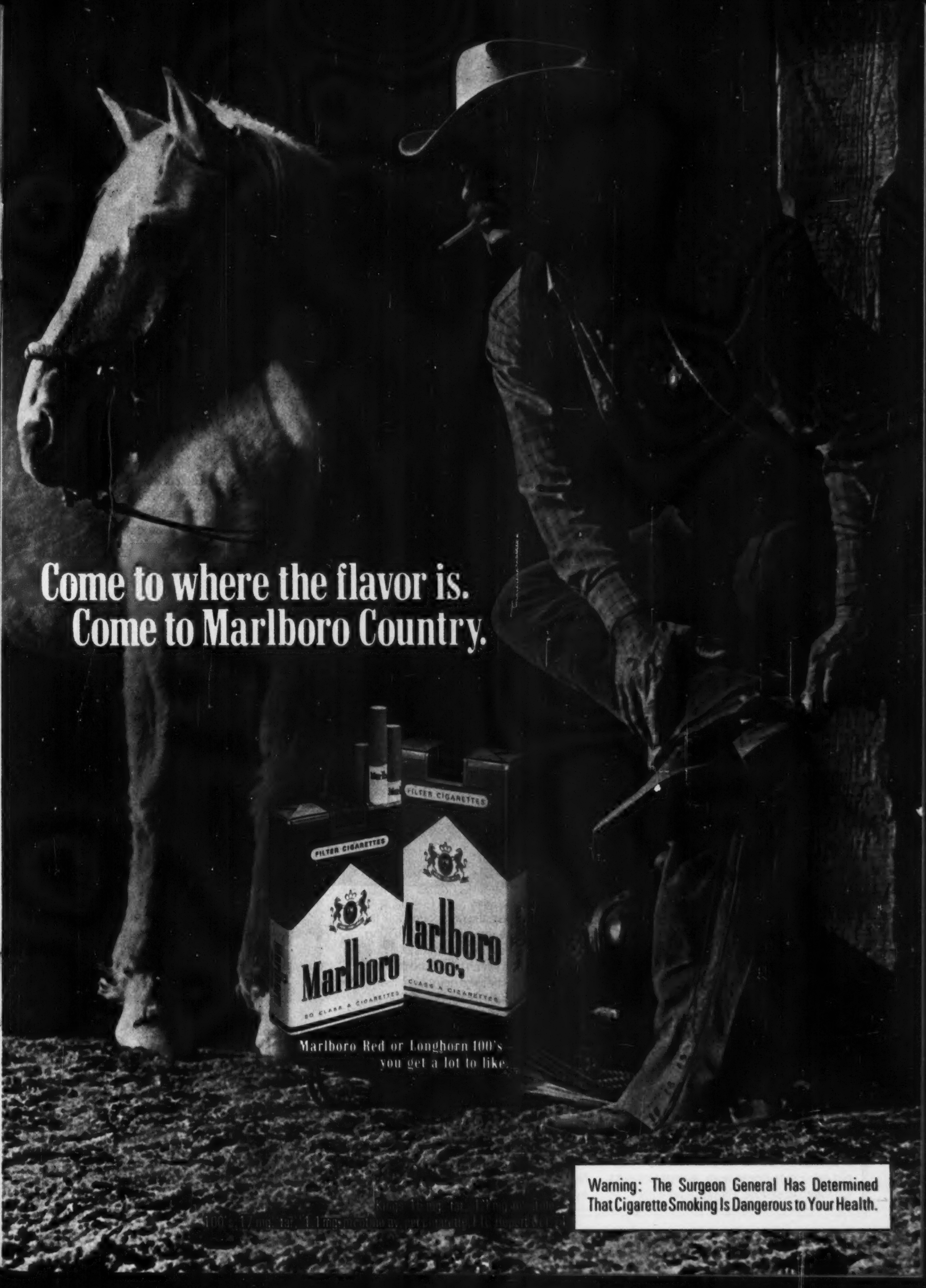
It's debatable how many of them are orphans at all. In Vietnam a child is not considered an orphan as long as he has any living relative. Parentless children are traditionally taken in by relatives or neighbors.

If Americans want to adopt children, there are up to 120,000, who are hard to place because they are nonwhite or over 8 or handicapped, in need of adoption *in the United States.* If Americans want to help Vietnamese children, we could contribute to international agencies that will help the Vietnamese care for them. UNICEF is operating in all sectors of Vietnam, North and South, and has issued an appeal for $4 million. (It cost the U.S. $2 million to fly away 2,000 children.) We should insist that our government honor our non-secret, written commitment (Article 21 of the Paris Agreements) to assist in the rebuilding of Indochina.

For a decade, insisting we were the Good Guys, we brought destruction to Vietnam. Now, determined to be the Good Guys, we would take her children away.

It is time, it is past time, it is long past time for us to ride off into the sunset. ●

ILLUSTRATION BY JOSEPH SMITH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Dog tyranny

FULMINATIONS

By Larry L. King

I here announce my unequivocal support for the presidential candidate promising a better deal for people and a tougher time for dogs.

Let the brave among Ford, Reagan, Rocky, Udall, Jackson, Wallace, et al., come forth to put an end to dog tyranny. Their first promise should be an investigation to uncover that criminal who first propagandized the notion that "Dog Is Man's Best Friend." Then let us hear pledges of federal funds sufficient to provide (1) tars to be poured annually over the villain's grave, and (2) dogs enough to water it from their bladders—"Provided, however, by the Second Section of this Act, that there be absolutely no other dogs in the land." Let our next President bomb the Westminster Kennel Club and not Cambodian villages; let him remember that LBJ's best moment in history came when he pulled a beagle's ears to the yelp-point. Though I want to be fair about this, I cannot help remarking that Hitler and Nixon loved dogs.

The Canine Menace came to my attention early on. My father, beguiled by pro-dog songs and stories praising Old Shep for pulling distressed kids from swimming holes or otherwise earning slots in Dog Heaven, bought me a bulldog in my eighth year. Sloppy Joe slept peacefully in our rural Texas farmyard as Depression-era tramps invaded to beg handouts, stirring only to lick the hands of those most resembling axe-murderers. At the same time, he did not permit me to play outdoors for two years: the mere whiff of my fear inspired Sloppy Joe to growls, flesh nips and foot races. Daddy got rid of my pet only after I begged for a rattlesnake. Except for refusing to date girls with dogs in their families, this experience failed to mark me. In the summer of my fifteenth year, however, while serving as a substitute city mail carrier, I was bitten 20-odd times. The government fired me when, in self-defense, I sort of killed an ill-tempered cocker spaniel.

A friend, thinking himself cute, once made a merry gift of a furry little puppy—of undetermined heritage—to my three small children. Its hair soon took on the qualities of porcupine quills; within ten weeks it was big enough to ride to work, except for being too mean to saddle. Though it bore my name—the precious children had christened it Old King—that ungainly beast chased me to and from my car during rush hours twice daily. It also cost me the respect of neighbors and sponsored the attentions of a suburban Virginia court, the former having reported me to the latter for abusing my dog.

Let me make it perfectly clear that it was not—technically or spiritually—my dog; as Old King both boarded at and terrorized my home, however, I assumed a voice in his destiny. Consequently, I called the local dog pound to request his removal. Dog pound authorities asked that Old King be placed in the shade, on a long leash, and provided adequate food and water while awaiting his collection. This very, very cheerfully was done.

Somehow, the dog pound folk failed to show at the appointed hour. Old King, running out of shade, had himself a howling brain fit during which he kicked over his provisions. Distressed neighbors then called the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. When that organization's functionary telephoned my office with threats of court, I thought him to be a prankster squeezing the last drop from my dog miseries. Otherwise, I doubt whether I'd have promised to solve the problem by rushing home to beat Old King to death with wet ropes and chains. It was along about then they issued the subpoena.

But not until I became a resident of New York City did I fully appreciate the extent to which dogs—and their owners—violate my civil rights. Though I am a neighbor to Park Avenue, the Pan-Am Building and the United Nations, the street I most frequently negotiate is thought of in my mind as Dog Shit Alley. Scofflaws gossip on the sidewalks while ignoring official signs begging them to curb their hump-backed dogs; these become agitated when I threaten to rub their noses in it or to make a citizen's arrest.

Because they fear being robbed or raped, my high-rise dwelling neighbors keep bigger and fouler-tempered beasts each year: I now walk up and down many flights so as to avoid elevator confinements with their churlish protectors. Only last week, creeping down the back stairs to the laundry room, I suddenly came face to face with a boxer meaner looking than Sonny Liston; as growls accumulated in its throat, I turned and fled back up the steep stairs—toting a heavy basket of dirty clothes—reaching safety just in time to enjoy a mild coronary. A man ought to be able to claim more territorial imperative when paying an arm and a leg plus maintenance fees.

I'm tired of lurking indoors, walking stairs, trembling in the elevator and running on my own ground—only to slip down in dog dookey. Though much disinclined in my heart to support Reagan or Wallace, they've just as much chance as the others to win me: all it requires is the courage to promise botulism in each can of Alpo or 100 percent strychnine dog biscuits. Sic 'em, Prez ●

ILLUSTRATION BY RICHARD EGIELSKI

Buying and selling the Zapruder film; Predicting the future (accurately)

THE INSIDER

EDITED BY
TONY SCHWARTZ

POWER POLITICS

B-1 or be none

The first congressional defeat of a major weapons system may be on the horizon. Supporters of an amendment that would cut out a $1 billion plus authorization to the B-1 bomber in fiscal 1976 believe they have a better chance than on any anti-defense spending measure since the ABM in 1969. Opponents lost the historic ABM vote by virtue of a tie, but the system was ultimately negotiated away in SALT talks.

If authorization for the continuing development of the B-1 system passes, it would shortly become the most expensive American system ever built. Its opponents, led by Sen. George McGovern (D-S.D.) and Rep. John Seiberling (D-Ohio), say the cost of buying and operating the proposed 244 bombers would exceed $70 billion within a decade.

UPI

B-1: debate begins

Opponents of the B-1 believe they are now within 60 votes of its defeat in the House and within 10 in the Senate. One tactic they are planning in the event that a full-scale defeat of the weapon system fails is to strike some $80 million earmarked for pre-production work in the next year. B-1 detractors believe such a move would avoid a commitment to eventual production of the planes. In addition, they are convinced that the constantly escalating cost of the B-1 will make Congress less likely to approve more money for the plane in upcoming years. They cite the fact that the estimated cost for each plane has already climbed from approximately $30 million a few years ago to between $80 and $100 million today.

In short. . .

For official U.S. government purposes, the title is "Government of Israel." For cable purposes, the abbreviation reads "GOI."

Playing favorites

It looks like favorite son candidacies will make a strong comeback at the 1976 Democratic convention. With the presidential race wide open, a series of such moves could put a further pinch on George Wallace's race in certain key primary states and would leave state delegations free to strike deals at the convention. Individual favorite sons would profit both from the national exposure and a potential inside track on the ticket's second spot. Among those most likely to run:

Governors: Hugh Carey, New York; Dan Walker, Illinois (possibly with Daley backing); Brendan Byrne, New Jersey; Milton Shapp, Pennsylvania; Jerry Brown, California; Reubin Askew, Florida; W.R. Anderson, Minnesota; and former North Carolina Governor Terry Sanford.

Senators: Dale Bumpers, Arkansas, and John Glenn, Ohio. Potentially full-fledged candidates who might also run as favorite sons are Ed Muskie, Maine; Birch Bayh, Indiana; and Lloyd Bentsen, Texas.

Kissinger sees red

Secretary of State Henry Kissinger can't seem to find an American ambassador to Portugal he likes. Last year, Stuart Nash Scott was dismissed after suggesting that the U.S. adopt a friendlier and more understanding attitude toward the new leftist regime in Portugal. Now Frank Carlucci—Scott's replacement—has made a similar recommendation, in addition to a plea for increased American economic aide to Portugal's communist-socialist government. The Carlucci proposals enraged Kissinger, according to a person who attended a State Department meeting at which they were discussed. Kissinger reportedly threatened to dismiss Carlucci for being "soft on communism," but others at the meeting have so far convinced him a second firing would do more harm than good.

WIDE WORLD

Kissinger: piqued again

Passing the buck

Back in 1963, Time Inc. bought up the now famous Zapruder film of the JFK assassination under a secret contract that paid out $25,000 a year for six years to the Dallas dress manufacturer—a grand total of $150,000. Time and Zapruder orally agreed to tell the world that the purchase price had been a flat $25,000. The contract, signed by Richard Stolley, now managing editor of *People* magazine, stipulated that the company and Zapruder would split any commercial profits from the film.

Last week, Time Inc. sold the 22-second 8 millimeter clip to Zapruder's son for $1.00. "We were glad to get rid of the damn thing," said one Time Inc. source. "It was nothing but a headache for us." Indeed. Apparently, unwilling to release the film itself, the company had become embarrassed by all the bootleg copies cropping up on late-night television shows. It either had to start defending its copyright—and thereby further call attention to the fact that it had been sitting on the most important evidence in the assassination for over a decade—or get rid of it. Legally, the film had to revert back to the Zapruder family.

The intentions of Abraham Zapruder's son are unclear, but when Tom Snyder offered $1,000 for a proposed showing on *The Tomorrow Show* last week, he was turned down—on the grounds that it was not enough money. Ironically, just weeks before the sale, Synder tried to show a bootleg copy of the film, brought along by Warren Commission critic Robert Groden, but NBC's lawyers advised against it.

Incredibly, one group that never saw the film was the Warren Commission itself. Taking the advice of Earl Warren that it was "quite gory," the commission chose instead to view selected slides.

THE WORD

The toweling inferno

To celebrate her recent reconciliation with John Lennon, Yoko Ono went to Bloomingdale's, the classy New York department store, and had towels made that read: "John and Yoko: Together Again."

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANN PHILLIPS

Yoko: giving John a message

What makes that amusing is that around Christmas she was in the store demanding a very different inscription on a single towel. A department manager resisted, but finally gave in when Yoko reminded him that the store promises to inscribe on towels whatever the customer demands. Her pointed message was brief: "You prick."

Petty Getty

J. Paul Getty III, who moved to the United States in the aftermath of his celebrated kidnapping, is passing bad checks all around Los Angeles. Two of his first victims were the bewildered moving men who carried furniture into Getty's new home. The $51 check he gave them was returned three times for insufficient funds.

PHOTO TRENDS

Getty: insufficient funds

Another businessman, after having a check from Paul returned, angrily called up the young oil heir's bank, where the officers were sympathetic. Said one: "I've got Paul Getty's bad checks spread all over my desk."

Getty himself could not be reached for comment. His telephone has been disconnected.

More now than ever

Is anything sacred? That's what writers Nora Ephron and Liz Smith decided to explore when they conducted a symposium on "gossip writing and the media" in New York recently.

Speaking to a group of journalism students, they proposed a racy dilemma. Senator Ted Kennedy has been seen in Washington a number of times recently with Standard Oil heiress Page Lee Hefty. Would printing such an item be within the boundaries of taste and relevant to the nation's right to "know" about its public officials?

The class voted yes—with a single exception. And the dissenter, it later turned out, was Mrs. Alger Hiss.

Paramount concern

A controversial new full-length animation from the makers of the X-rated *Fritz the Cat* is generating charges of racism from screening audiences and considerable consternation among its Paramount distributors.

Coonskin is reportedly a hard-hitting parody of black stereotypes (not to mention of Jews, Mexicans and others). Filmed by Ralph Bakshi and produced by Al (*The Godfather*) Ruddy, Paramount guaranteed the filmmakers a cool $1.6 million on delivery. That, however, was before a recent *Coonskin* screening at The Museum of Modern Art in New York which ended, according to various reports, in a near riot. Bakshi describes the incident as more like "five people who were angry with me and very vocal. I laughed at the controversy."

Paramount did not laugh, and studio executives say they are willing to absorb a loss on the film if another distributor won't pick it up.

If no other distributor comes along, Paramount may be legally obligated to release *Coonskin* after all. Producer Ruddy, however, is skeptical: "It's true, but who wants to go through that michegas?"

HEALTH

Ultra-plight gives your mouth. . .

The best deterrent against cavities may be poverty. A University of Michigan computer analysis of the mouths of 10,300 young people has revealed that poor people have less tooth decay than the more affluent, and that blacks have fewer cavities than whites.

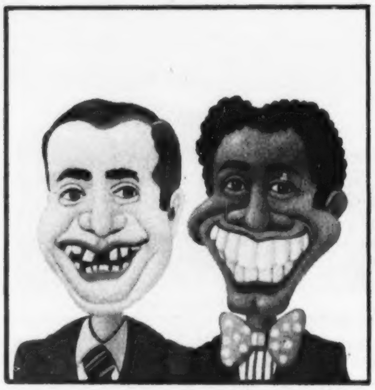
ILLUSTRATION BY ALLEN WELKIS

"In general it can be stated that poverty protects against cavities," says Dr. Nathaniel Rowe, the dentist and pathologist who headed the recent study. The research team was baffled by the findings.

One possible explanation is that blacks tend to have more space between their teeth than whites, and that the crowding of teeth among white people could provide more repositories for decay which brushing can't reach. Another hypothesis—unconfirmed by a study of diets—is that wealthier people tend to eat more frequently than the poor, particularly sugar-rich snacks.

Ironically, the study was based on a federal survey of nutrition problems among low-income people in ten states. Its major finding was that a large proportion of the 40,000 people studied were malnourished or likely to develop nutrition problems.

You can can, too

Botulism, the dread disease that killed a Bedford, N.Y., man and paralyzed his wife nearly four years ago, has not disappeared. Last year there were 20 outbreaks of the poisoning, including seven deaths—the highest for any year since 1935. The U.S. Public Health Service blames the upswing on the popularity of amateur home canning.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JEANIE BLACK

Mourning after

Beware the "morning after pill." The Food and Drug Administration has now approved its manufacture, even though Diethylstilbesterol (DES)—an estrogen ingredient— is widely belived to be potentially cancer-causing. The new pill contains more than 800,000 times the amount of DES banned by the FDA as too cancer-causing in a serving of beef.

The drug is expected to be taken by many of the 3 million young women who are already susceptible to vaginal cancer. These women were exposed to DES as fetuses when their mothers took it as an anti-miscarriage drug during pregnancy. Experiments have associated DES with vaginal cancer, which develops at puberty, in 220 of the daughters of those pregnancies.

Kay Weiss, a cancer epidemiologist, says that a routine gynecological examination will not detect the potentially pre-cancerous growth, which she claims exists in 90 percent of DES daughters. A "colposcopic" test is generally required for detection. Weiss advises DES daughters to avoid the morning after pill. The danger is also high for women with family histories of blood clotting; breast, uterine or cervical cancer; diabetes and hypertension.

Tying things up

The male contribution to birth control has taken a quantum leap in the last decade. After circumcision, the most common operation on men these days is a vasectomy. Of the nearly 1.3 million Americans who were voluntarily sterilized during 1974, 60 percent—about 800,000—were men who had vasectomies. That figure represents a 50 percent jump over 1973.

SEVENTIES

The charge to mass transit

The model for a revolution in mass transit sits these days in the basement of a foresighted New Jersey inventor's home. Albert Rypinski has already been granted a patent for an ingenious system of electric buses. A network of the battery-driven vehicles would make local stops along suburban neighborhood routes and ultimately converge at a station where they would be lifted and suspended from cables. They would then be whisked along into urban centers—while they recharged—at speeds up to 60 miles per hour.

The invention was the product of 17 years of work and most of the life savings of Rypinski, a retired engineer from Teaneck, New Jersey. The system's advantages, he claims, extend beyond the fact that it is pollution-free and more energy-efficient than existing mass transit alternatives. Because the trackway would run above existing highways, no new land purchase or grading would be necessary. Rypinski also says he has incorporated only tried and proven technology. But the

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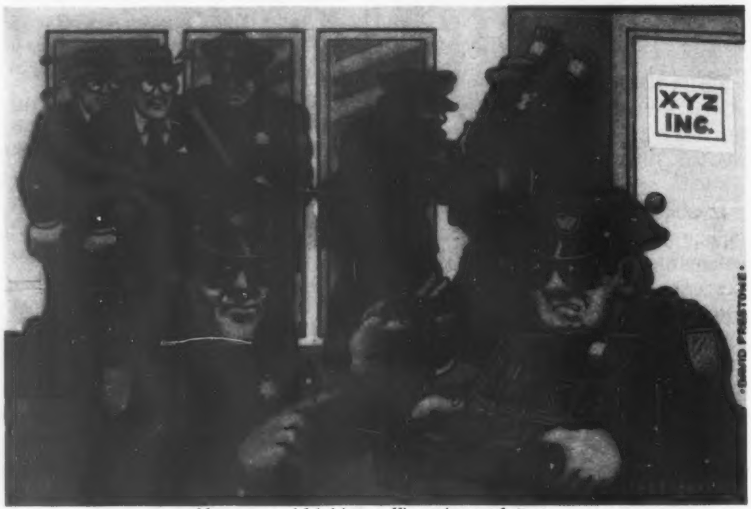
biggest advantage, says the system's inventor, is its relatively low cost. At $3 million per mile, the system would be about one-tenth as expensive as the subway now being tunneled, for instance, beneath Washington, D.C.

Reading the future

John Naisbitt is a pre-computer age George Gallup. His clients, who pay $2,000 a year for the quarterly service he provides, include General Motors, Xerox and the Club of Rome. They pay for his deceptively simple practice of poring over 206 newspapers in 156 cities each day with the aid of 30 staff analysts. Naisbitt is a futurist whose highly respected *Trend Report* both dissects the present and forecasts the future. His prognostications often precede by as much as two years public awareness and media treatment of a social trend.



X-rays and frisking: offices in our future

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID PRESTONE

What follows are just a few of Naisbitt's most recent and most provocative predictions:

—Demonstrations and confrontation politics are coming back and will include job riots in major cities. The seeds, although largely unreported nationally, are in cities where thousands have been turning up for a few advertised jobs, and frustration has turned to ugliness.

—Buildings and cordoned-off neighborhoods will adopt the successful anti-hijacking techniques of the airline industry. In response to increasing crime and violence, entering persons will be X-rayed and frisked despite the offensiveness of the method. Heavy security precautions already being taken by the very rich—bells, guards, fences, electronic barriers and floodlights—are the first rumblings.

—The two party system will soon be dead. Increasing political independence and diversity will spawn not only splinter parties on the left and the right but also special purpose parties comprised of groups such as environmentalists, ethnics and grey panthers.

—Our scale of living will be vastly reduced. Family sizes will shrink, assembly lines will be broken into smaller groups, and the popularity of small towns will return. There will be a more decentralized approach to problem solving and of necessity a recycling ethic will prevail.

—Within a decade the country's largest minority will be Latino (rather than black) and Spanish will be our second language. A number of state governments—including California, Connecticut and Illinois—already issue announcements in both Spanish and English.

The poetry of survival

A heartening note on the publishing world's little guys: literary magazines are holding their own.

Almost half of the 160 magazines in a recent National Endowment for the Arts survey reported that they have been around for five years or more, and nearly 100 have survived for at least three years. In addition, the birthrate for small magazines—26 in the last two years—has remained high.

Distribution was singled out as the most difficult and costly problem the magazines now face, and only four reported press runs over 7,000 copies. By far, the majority have circulations between 500 and 2,000. An interesting peripheral finding of the study is that the preponderance of editors concentrate on publishing poetry, but that most avoid short fiction only because they cannot afford the page space it requires.

POST SCRIPTS

est (Oct. 18, 1974)

After writer Marcia Seligson's piece on *est* and its founder Werner Erhard appeared last October, *New Times* received by far the largest outpouring of letters in its short history. Hundreds of readers wrote in, the majority of whom wanted more information on how to sign up for the Erhard Seminars Training (*est*), a program by which 25,000 graduates were already swearing.

Today, the number of *est* graduates has grown to 37,000—a six-month increase of 12,000—and 7,500 others are on a waiting list that averages eight weeks. There are still only eight fully qualified trainers (Erhard claims to take two years to turn one out), but the *est* course is now available in 13 cities including Denver and Aspen, Colo.; New York; Honolulu; Boston, Mass.; Washington, D.C.; Los Angeles, San Francisco and five other California cities.

"We're just barely keeping up with demand" says spokesperson Suzanne Wexler, with characteristic *est* enthusiasm. For now, there are no plans for further expansion.

Werner Erhard: *est* booms

SPECIAL REPORT

The return of the death watch

By Deborah Leavy

A little over a year ago Jesse Fowler told a reporter from a local newspaper, "Somebody's gonna get that gas. They're gonna use somebody as an example." One of more than 60 prisoners waiting on death row in North Carolina, while the state observed an unofficial moratorium on executions, Fowler, a 27-year-old black man, had been sentenced to die for killing a friend (the friend had broken his nose in a brawl following a crap game). Now Fowler is about to learn whether he will be that example, for this week his case will be argued before the U.S. Supreme Court in an effort to test the constitutionality of capital punishment.

No one can be sure why the court chose to hear Jesse Fowler's appeal, but there is speculation that the court wanted a relatively simple case in order to make a clear ruling. Fowler's case fits the bill: there is no issue of impropriety in his trial or his sentencing. The only question raised is whether or not the death penalty is cruel and unusual punishment, prohibited by the Eighth Amendment to the Constitution.

The court last heard a capital punishment challenge in 1972, when it ruled in *Furman* v. *Georgia* that the death penalty was applied in a manner so harsh, "freakish" and arbitrary as to be unconstitutional. Existing statutes were all nullified, and prisoners on death row were given life sentences.

The Supreme Court's ruling gave the impression that the death sentence had been outlawed, but what appeared to be a victory for anti-capital punishment forces proved to be illusory. Proponents of the death penalty bounced back with the argument that the arbitrary application of the punishment was grounded in the jury's power to recommend mercy. Make death the *mandatory* punishment for certain crimes, they reasoned, and you will satisfy the Constitution and the court.

Since *Furman* v. *Georgia*, 31 states and the federal government have reenacted capital punishment statutes. Nowhere has the result been more devastating than in North Carolina, which is holding one-third the national total of death row inmates. Although the new laws in other states were written by their legislatures, the one in North Carolina was not; there the lawmakers abdicated their responsibility to rule on the question, and in the ensuing power vacuum the State Supreme Court rushed in. In the narrow 4-3 Waddell decision, the justices struck down the clause in the state's law giving the jury discretion in sentencing and left the rest of the statute to stand alone. The result: a mandatory death sentence for the crimes of first-degree murder, rape, first-degree burglary and arson. Subsequently, the legislature reduced the punishment for arson and burglary and restricted the definition of rape.

Though the death penalty had previously been authorized for these crimes, it had seldom been imposed. In 1973 the FBI reported 683 murders and 847 forcible rapes in North Carolina, yet the number sentenced to death under the new law is still a tiny minority. In making their argument against the death penalty, the NAACP Legal Defense Fund, which took up Fowler's appeal, points to the prisoners on death row, two-thirds of them nonwhite, three-fourths of them poor, powerless people sifted through the criminal justice system to the bottom. If the intent of the Furman decision was to outlaw discrimination in the application of the death penalty, Fowler's lawyers say, then North Carolina has failed to live up to that ruling. The state still allows the prosecutor sole power to decide what the charge will be; the defendant may be urged to plead guilty to a lesser charge under the threat of a death sentence; the jury may be given the choice to convict on a lesser offense; and always, the governor may issue a reprieve. Because of all these built-in options, "the gauntlet which a capitally charged defendant must now run is fully as unpredictable—its results equally capricious—as under the pre-Furman, pre-Waddell system," Fowler's lawyers conclude.

North Carolina Deputy Attorney General Jean Benoy, the ex-Marine who wrote the state's brief, asserts that the society that sends its finest to die in war because of an external threat surely has the right to execute those it feels are an internal threat. "I don't think we need to build comfortable cells and feed people three times a day. These people are depraved. Besides, I believe the will of the people is more reliable than the doubts of the university professors and reporters who argue against capital punishment."

What is the court likely to do? Though not a hint will come from the justices until a final decision is announced, we can draw some conclusions based on the individual opinions the justices wrote in the Furman decision. The ruling was 5-4, but only Marshall and Brennan held the death penalty *per se* unconstitutional. Douglas, noting race and class discrimination in the Furman case, is unlikely to approve a death sentence unless prejudice can be eliminated from the procedure. Justices Stewart and White picked out the narrow path of jury discretion; they will have to be convinced that the procedure is still arbitrary if capital punishment is to be overturned.

The four Nixon justices—Rehnquist, Blackmun, Burger and Powell—all dissented in the Furman case. Moral standards, they felt, had not changed enough to outlaw the gas chamber, the electric chair, the gallows and the firing squad. In the Fowler case, however, there could be a realignment of opinion. Chief Justice Burger has expressed disapproval of mandatory death sentences.

The decision will likely come this June, although it could be put off until the fall. The possibility exists for declaring the death penalty unconstitutional and commuting the sentences of the more than 200 prisoners now on death row. The court could also decide on a narrower ruling. By striking down only North Carolina's Waddell decision, the Supreme Court would leave itself open for yet another capital punishment challenge. Or the court could affirm Jesse Fowler's death sentence, leading the way to this country's first executions in almost ten years. Said one veteran death watcher, "It could be a real bloodbath." ●

Victims of the Hearst hunt

By Michael Drosnin

It was Saturday night, March 15. Elizabeth Norton was alone in her Alexandria, Va., apartment, listening to music and waiting for her roommate to return from a day in the country. Shortly after 10 there was a knock at the door. "Open up," a man commanded, "it's the FBI."

Beth thought it was a joke. "OK," she asked, laughing, "who is it?" "Open up," the man repeated,"it's the FBI." She asked him to slip his ID card under the door. He refused. "My God, I'm a woman alone. I'm not going to let anyone in," she said. "Open up," the man ordered. Beth grabbed her phone and was about to call the police when she heard a voice outside say, "All right, knock it down." Terrified, she watched her door buckle in. Six men waving 12-gauge shotguns stepped over a pile of used kitty litter and rushed into her three-room apartment.

Two stationed themselves in front of the battered door. The others pushed past the crying 21-year-old woman, ignoring her plea to see a search warrant (they didn't have one), and began opening cupboards, poking their guns into closets, looking behind the drapes and underneath the bed. "All right, where is she?" one of the men demanded.

Beth, by now hysterical, just stared at the six men who had gathered around her. None of them was in uniform (two were wearing bluejeans and leather jackets), none had shown her any identification, and all were still brandishing their weapons. "What are you here for?" she sobbed. "Do you know it's a crime to harbor a known felon?" one of the gang replied. Beth kept crying. "We had a report Patty Hearst is living here," said the man.

Beth screamed. "That was so off-the-wall, I figured, 'These guys are crazy, they can't be FBI,' " she later said. "I was sure those nuts were going to kill me."

But the men were indeed federal agents, a fact Elizabeth Norton would not have found so hard to believe had she known more about the FBI's incredible search for Patty Hearst.

For two months they tried to rescue the kidnapped heiress. For more than a year they've been trying to capture the fugitive revolutionary. But despite the most massive woman-hunt in FBI history, Patty Hearst remains at large. Hoover's heroes, the fearless feds who tracked down Dillinger, the super sleuths who can take the smallest clue—a strand of hair or a carelessly discarded matchbook—and smash an entire red spy ring, have been stymied by the smiling ingenue whose photo graces post office walls across the nation.

In the most massive woman-hunt in FBI history, agents have covered up monumental bungling with police state tactics and senseless violence

"A young lady able. . . able to elude the FBI!" The bureau's chief spokesman, Donald Moore, can barely get the words out. "It doesn't look good."

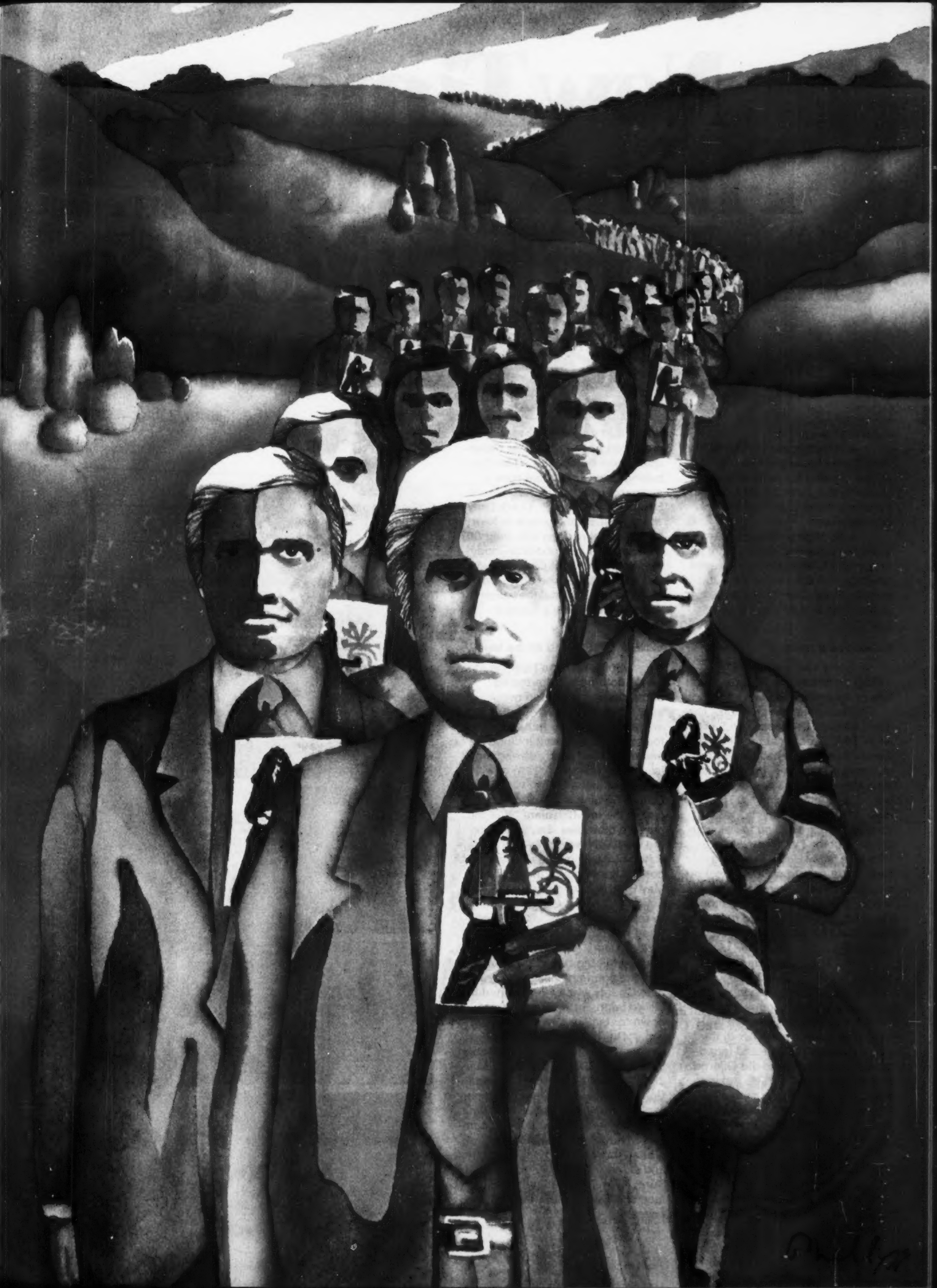
Embarrassed and desperate, the fabled G-men have become a Keystone gestapo, breaking down doors, terrorizing innocent young women, harassing sick old women, sweating information out of college kids, bribing friend to turn against friend, pressuring father to turn against son, playing chicken on the highways, and rifling suitcases on airplanes. All in addition, of course, to the routine illegalities: wiretapping, mail snooping and housebreaking.

Elizabeth Norton is just one of hundreds of victims of the search for Patty Hearst. Most have been innocent bystanders. A few may have aided the young fugitive. What all share in common is exposure to police state tactics so blatant they seem less likely to flush Patty out than to scare her into going deeper underground.

Ever since the break-in, Beth Norton has been a "nervous wreck." She can't sleep without pills, needs Valium to get through the day, was briefly hospitalized, and is still under medical treatment. In her case, authorities claim they acted on an anonymous tip. But Beth insists that the agents told her the name of their informant—a chronic alcoholic who lived in the building, a woman who had made crank calls to the police before and who earlier the day of the raid, for no apparent reason, dumped the used kitty litter outside Beth's door.

***David Weir,** a San Francisco free lance, contributed material on the Scotts for this story.*

ILLUSTRATION BY STEVE PHILLIPS



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Some recent roars.

Every two weeks, NEW TIMES comes along with a stick or two of dynamite in its fist.

There was our story on "The Ten Dumbest Congressmen," with NEW TIMES' nomination for King of Dumb. You should have heard the screams on that one, including a well-attended press conference called by the King himself. There was "Prescription Payola," about doctors who are willing to risk your life for a color TV. There was "Southie Is My Home Town," a look at the people of South Boston you didn't find in any of the other media. (After a century of getting the shaft, maybe they had reasons for coming off as brawling racists.)

In "The Little Camera That Couldn't," NEW TIMES dissected Polaroid's SX-70, as a symbol of a consumer economy gone wild. In "A Wallace Is a Wallace Is a Wallace," we looked underneath the new moderate George and found—guess what—the same old George. In "Happy Days Are Here Again," we saw the new depression as upbeat—a chance for new lifestyles and the whole Whole Earth thing. In "Zen and the Art of the Perfect Backhand," we told you how to trust your body and ignore your old tennis instructor.

"The Gourmet Freeze-Out" ripped the foil off the big restaurant rip-off that's serving up mass-produced frozen dishes as expensive house specialties. "The Consulting Con Game" laid bare a cushy professorial racket. "They Shoot Ten-Year Olds, Don't They?" was a heartwarming look at New York's shootin' cops with their 007 license to kill just about anybody they want to. "That Championship Season" stripped the cover-up from the sex scandal that decimated Notre Dame's football team.

Is NEW TIMES mad all the time?

Golly, no. Don't get the idea we do nothing but dredge up embarrassing facts and tweak important noses. NEW TIMES is *the magazine of what's happening* and that's a spectrum that includes love and music and lifestyles and movies and all manner of rare new ideas. For instance, we reported on Erhard Seminars Training (est), one of the most fascinating of the new life therapies. We got inside the world of bisexuality. We published our *own* medical research on pot—"Attention: Smoking Grass May Be Good for Your Health."

And of course we continue to report on the eternal battle of The Little Guys vs. The Big Guys. Like the story on Sam Lovejoy, who toppled the big bad nuclear tower. And the young hillbillies of Mendocino County who were damned if they'd let their houses be torn down for lack of city plumbing.

Our bright, brash, talented writers and columnists—like Robert Sam Anson, Jesse Kornbluth, Marcia Seligson, Larry King, Amanda Spake, Jim Kunen, Mark Goodman, Frank Rich, Janet Maslin and Nina Totenberg—have one thing in common. They're unafraid. They'll plunge into anything, take chances and stands, crawl way out on limbs. Sure, NEW TIMES may fall on its face sometimes. But never on its knees!

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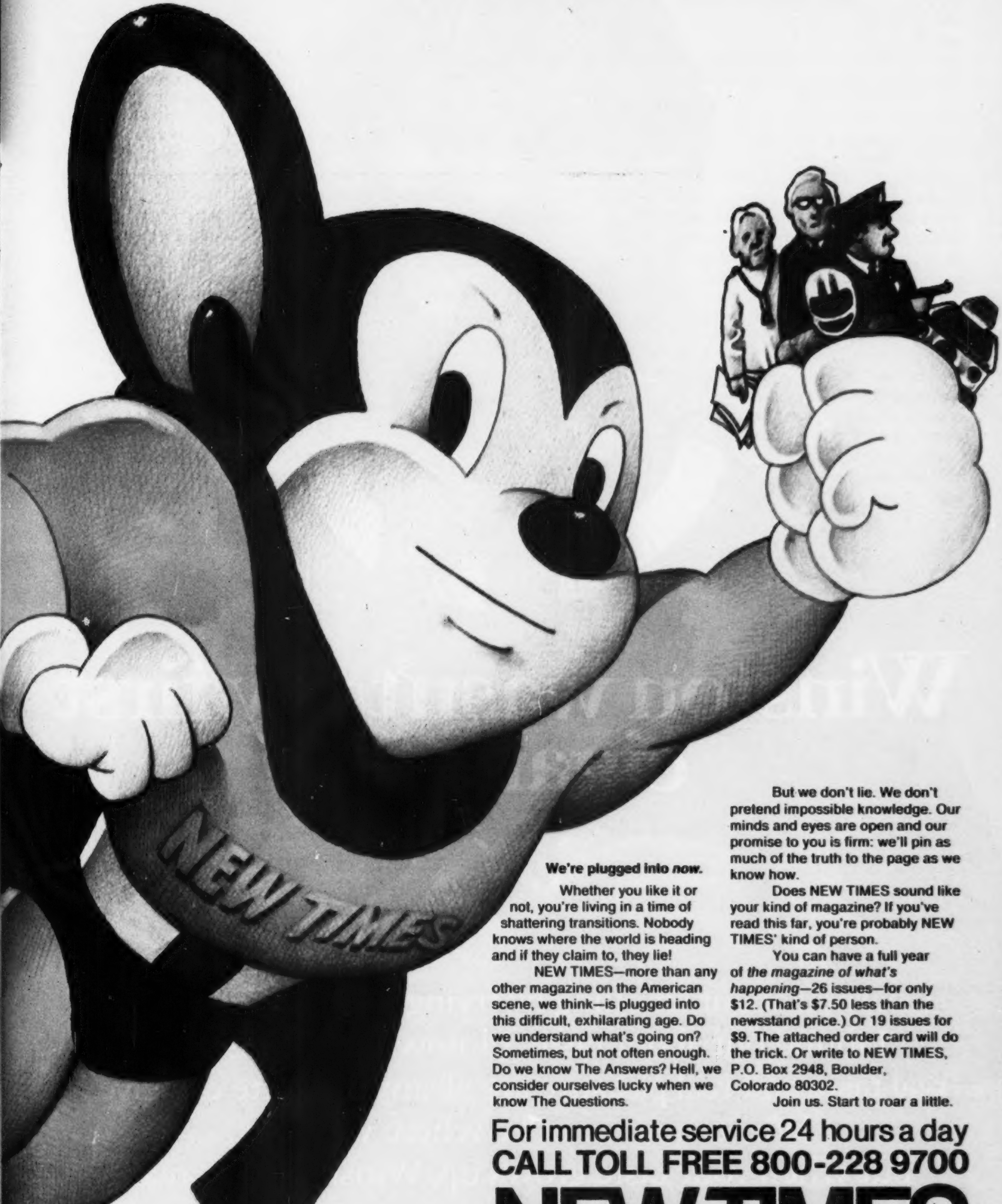

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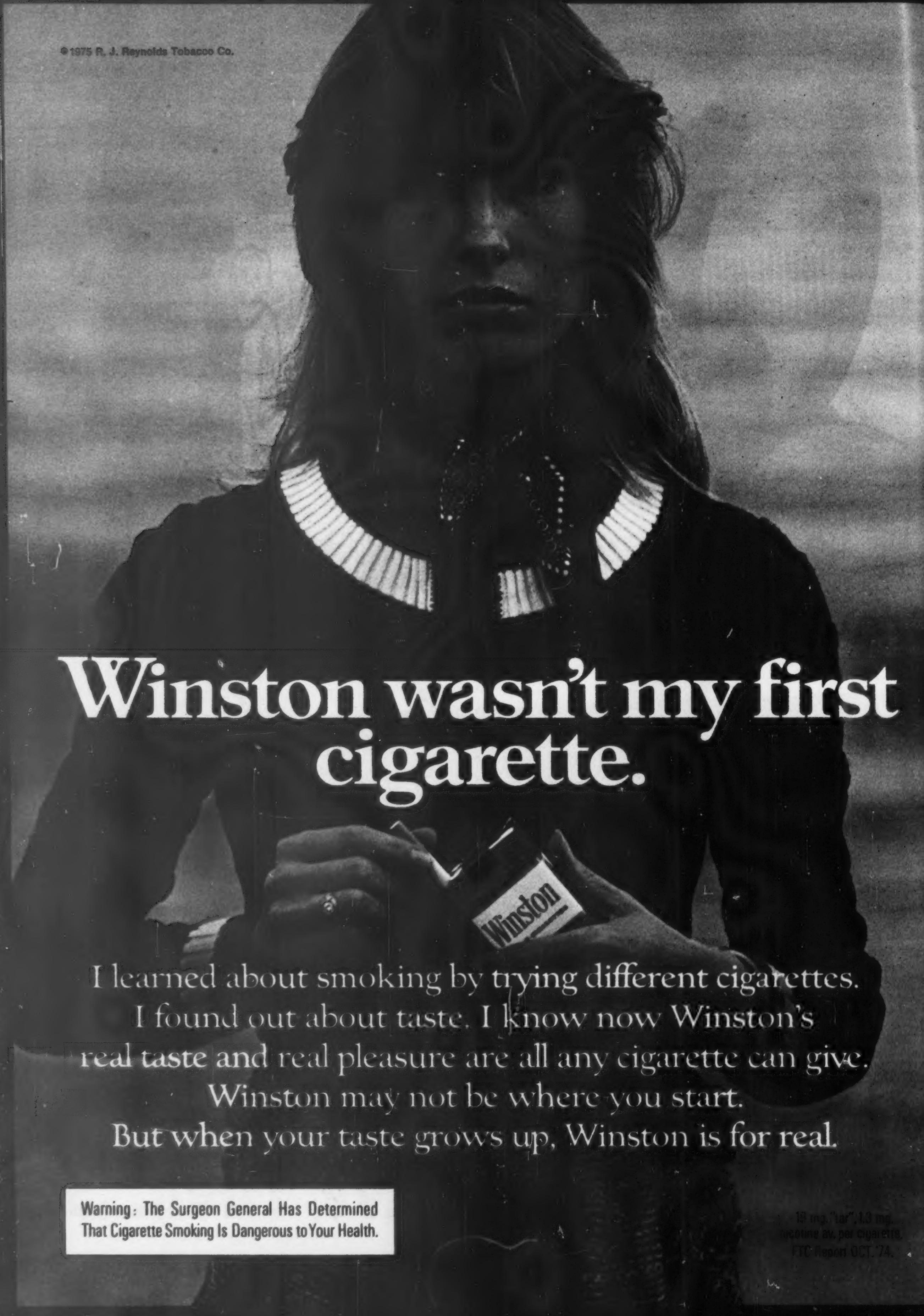
The Mouse that Roars



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FTC Report OCT. '74.

Beth has never received an apology or an explanation. The FBI hasn't even fixed her door. But on several occasions she has seen one of the agents from the raiding party. "He's been following me," complains Beth. Her attorney, Robert Salzer, believes the surveillance is aimed at intimidating her into dropping a planned lawsuit.

The Alexandria break-in was not unique. "Sure there have been other forced entries without a warrant," admits Charles Bates, the FBI agent in charge of the Hearst investigation. "We'll go in without an invitation when it's necessary." And the tactic has FBI Director Kelley's complete approval. Search warrants aren't needed, said Kelley in a report on the Alexandria incident, "because warrants exist for the arrest of Miss Hearst." Continuing the Catch-22 logic, he explained that the agents busted in with guns drawn "to reduce the potential for violence." And it was all justified because the tip "had a definite air of authenticity—particularly the vital and previously unpublicized detail that [Patty] had cut her hair."

In fact, Patty's alleged new hairdo was reported in several newspapers the day before the raid. And the supposed Hearst look-alike the FBI was after—Beth's roommate, Bernadine Davis—has long auburn hair. But the agents left without ever seeing Bernadine, although they were told she was on her way home. "If I had been Patty Hearst, I would have got away—no wonder they can't catch her," says Bernadine, who walked in ten minutes later to find her apartment a shambles and her friend in tears.

Considering the hassles some other young women who look less like Patty have been through, Bernadine Davis is probably lucky the FBI didn't wait. There have been hundreds, perhaps thousands, of so-called sightings, one more bizarre than another.

Olivia Lantay was sitting in a yoga squat in the Times Square subway station meditating when, shortly after midnight, October 5, two Transit Authority policemen approached her. "At first we figured she was just another one of those psychos," recalls Officer Paul Calfayan. "But then my partner pulls out this Patty Hearst circular—he always carries those FBI things in his back pocket—and I start laughing, but he says, 'It could be,' and I take a look, and it does look like her."

The 16-year-old runaway who had arrived in New York just a few hours earlier after hitchhiking down from Maine, wanted nothing to do with the police. "They handcuffed me, kept pulling my hair to look at my face, and when they tried to examine my legs, I kicked them," says Olivia. The cops were looking for a scar. Patty has one on her right ankle, and Olivia had one on her left. But that was apparently good enough for the subway patrol, and the FBI was called in. "I kept telling them I wasn't her, and they kept saying, 'I hope you are, I'll be famous.' "

Olivia is five years younger and five inches taller than Hearst, but it was not until eight hours later, after the girl's fingerprints had been jetted down to Washington, that the FBI recognized the mistake. Charged with resisting arrest and disorderly conduct, Olivia spent the night in a cell before a judge let her go. "I don't know," reflects Officer Calfayan, "the FBI says it was the closest one they ever had. Lately, I've started to think again, maybe it was her—I mean, she could have been so brainwashed she don't know who she is."

Ever since the break-in, Beth Norton has been a "nervous wreck." She needs Valium to get through the day, and is still under medical treatment

At 5:00 a.m. on May 24, Joan Schoenberger was startled awake in her Los Angeles home by a ringing telephone. "This is the police," the early morning caller announced. "Your house is surrounded. We have had a report that you are harboring members of the SLA. Turn on the lights and come out onto the porch." Joan thought it was a practical joke, but when she called the LAPD to check, the same officer answered. Then she remembered the shoot-out in another part of town just a week earlier that left six SLA members dead.

Joan and her roommate, Gerri Jones, dressed quickly in bathrobes and slippers, and the two terrified 27-year-old women walked out with their hair in curlers and their hands over their heads to face 60 policemen armed with shotguns and tear gas rifles. "It was still dark, and all I could see were eyes and guns," recalls Gerri. "They were supposed to be Patty Hearst and Emily Harris," explained a police spokesman, who said the pre-dawn raid was triggered by an anonymous tip. "They weren't and we left. It didn't all amount to much."

Not compared to what happened in the same city two months later. On July 24 Eduardo Cuenca and his wife, Karen, were playing cards with a young neighbor, 13-year-old Kelly Ravenscroft, when there was a knock at the door and a woman yelled, "Patty Hearst is outside. Bolt your doors and lock your windows."

The Cuencas instead looked out their window, saw all the other residents of their North Hollywood apartment house being evacuated, and decided to join the exodus. They walked out into an incredible sideshow. Fire engines, huge searchlights and 200 policemen surrounded the building. It was all being broadcast live on television, and the news brought so many spectators—they were literally hanging from the trees—that police reinforcements were having a hard time getting through. But the Cuencas had little time to absorb the spectacle. They were immediately grabbed by plainclothesmen, who took turns with FBI agents questioning them for the next hour. Meanwhile, a flak-jacketed tactical squad entered their apartment to find only a pet cat.

Before the authorities realized that a nervous neighbor had mistaken the 13-year-old Ravenscroft girl for Patty, a hoax surrender call brought the elder Hearsts flying in from San Francisco to be reunited with their daughter.

Sometime in January, the FBI almost picked up the trail of the *real* Patty Hearst. Three months too late they discovered probably through a paid informant, that she had spent the summer at an isolated Pennsylvania farmhouse with her SLA companions, Bill and Emily Harris. The young fugitives were long gone, but agents learned that the house had apparently been rented by Micki Scott, a writer and wife of radical sports activist Jack Scott.

Unable to follow Patty's tracks, lawmen zeroed in on the Scotts. They may well be valid targets of inquiry, but that neither explains nor justifies the tactics used against them, their friends and relatives.

What has become a textbook case of governmental misconduct began innocently enough. Twice in mid-January, the FBI came to question the Scotts in Portland, Ore., where they were living with basketball star Bill Walton. Rebuffed, agents apparently kept the couple under surveillance, but nothing overt happened until the Scotts left Portland in late February. Micki went to San Diego to work on a book, while Jack stopped off in Las Vegas to visit his parents. The FBI had arrived a day earlier.

Jack's father, John Scott, says that two agents came to the Camelot Apartments complex he manages on Feb. 25, and asked him to join them in their car. "As soon as I got in," recalls the elder Scott, "an agent picked up the radio and said, 'Go in right away.' A second car pulled up, two more agents jumped out and went into my office." Meanwhile, the FBI man sitting next to him announced, "We have definite knowledge that you harbored fugitives." Scott, who flatly denies the charge, says he held out his hands and replied, "Well, then why don't you put the cuffs on me."

He returned to his office to find that the agents inside were questioning his wife, Louise. "I told them she suffers from extreme hypertension, and warned, 'She could drop dead on the floor in front of you.' " The FBI promised not to bother the 67-year-old woman any further.

When the agents came back the next day to serve Scott with a grand jury subpoena, his son Jack was standing on his head in the living room doing yoga exercises. Two days later, the same agents were back again, this time demanding to know where Jack was. "Gents, when you stood here the other day, Jack was right there in the living room," Scott replied. The lawmen, he says, "turned red and white."

Their embarrassment was understandable, because by that time Jack Scott was the object of a frenzied nationwide manhunt. He had left Las Vegas Feb. 26 to join his wife in San Diego, but when he arrived at the airport he found not only Micki but more than a dozen FBI men also waiting for him. They said nothing, but followed the Scotts en masse to a friend's beach house. "Her street looked like a gay lover's lane," says Jack. "There were male couples in every car."

The Scotts decided to go bowling to mellow out. All the FBI cars followed them, this time pulling up alongside and cutting in front of their car. While they were bowling, Jack got a phone call: "Your name is Jack, you're on lane 6 with some dude named Micky. I've got a VHF scanner, and I though you ought to know the FBI and the San Diego police are all over the place. They're going through your car right now." Scott decided to avoid a parking lot confrontation and went back to bowl. An agent sat down behind them. When Jack went to the men's room, the agent followed him in and flashed his gun.

Back at their friend's house, the Scotts felt surrounded. In addition to the FBI cars out front, there now appeared to be several vans parked in back. We were scared," says Jack. "We thought they might come in with guns blasting, that they might think we had Patty Hearst with us or some damn thing."

The next morning, they flew to San Francisco to contact a radical lawyer. "An agent sat right next to us on the plane," Scott remembers. "He was reading *Lenny*—stayed on page 261 the entire flight." When she packed their suitcase, Micki had purposely put some of the pages of her book manuscript in the wrong order. When they arrived in San Francisco, the pages were back in sequence.

They rented a car and headed for their lawyer's office. At a major intersection in Berkeley, Jack saw a chance to make a yellow light at the last minute and lose his tail. They ditched the rent-a-car in an Oakland garage, and took a cab to the lawyer. The Scotts were underground.

For the next five weeks until they resurfaced, FBI agents fanned out to contact hundreds of the Scotts' acquaintances—"everyone we have ever known, well or casually, and people they know."

Bill Walton, who had been questioned in mid-January at his hotel room before a road game in Cleveland, was revisited by FBI men at his Portland A-frame in early March, and grilled again a short time later at his lawyer's office in San Francisco. "My friends have all been contacted—15 or 20 of them all around the country—and been asked about Patty Hearst, the Scotts and my political sympathies," says Walton. "The FBI has insinuated that I know a lot about her, but Patty Hearst didn't come into my life until the FBI did."

It seems clear, despite official denials, that Walton's phone has been tapped, that his home has been under surveillance, and that he himself has been tailed. "People who talk to me by phone or in person have been questioned by the FBI," says Walton. "People who I call or who call me are often contacted by agents within hours."

In early March, a former teammate of Walton's from UCLA, Tommy Curtis, was intercepted by federal agents en route from San Francisco to Portland after he called to say he was coming to visit. Curtis was questioned for several hours. On March 22, while Walton was watching the NCAA playoffs in Portland, Doug Walker, a basketball recruiter for Oregon State, came over to say hello. The two spoke briefly. The next day Walker called to tell Walton that the FBI had just finished quizzing him about Jack Scott, whom Walker had met once seven or eight years earlier.

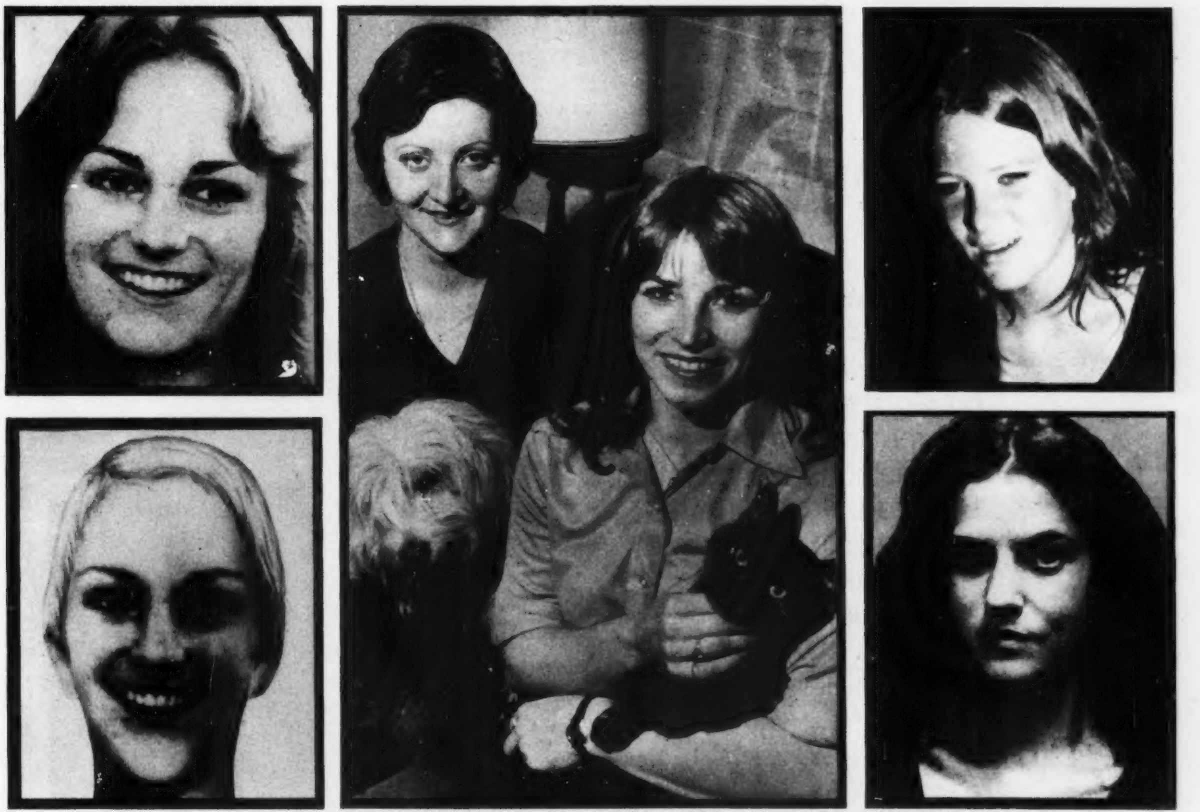
Cass Jackson is the football coach at Oberlin College in Ohio, where Jack Scott was athletic director from 1972 to 1974. On March 10 two FBI agents came to his home, told him he was under surveillance, and interrogated him for three hours. "They made Jack out to be a criminal and said if he were ever in my house, they'd assume I was one of them," says Cass. "I said, 'Hey man, you mean if I let my friends in my own house I could be wiped out?' and they answered, 'If you let him in the house, we're not responsible for whatever happens—let's put it that way.' "

In other cases threats were eschewed in favor of bribe offers. Stacy Meggysey, wife of ex-pro football player Dave "Out of Their League" Meggysey, was visited by FBI men at her remote Hesperus, Col., home and asked if she would inform on her friends the Scotts for cash. "It was some time in early March," says Stacy. "There had been a big snowstorm and I was out front digging out our car when the agents arrived. They said Jack had been harboring fugitives. I told them I didn't know anything. They said, 'Well, if you did know or you were to find out, would you tell us if we were to pay you money?' "

While the FBI continued to beat the bushes for potential informants—more than 27,000 people have been questioned in the San Francisco area alone—the grand jury network swung into action. John Scott flew into San Francisco to comply with his subpoena March 5. He checked into the Hilton and went to see his doctor, who told him the FBI had been by earlier that day. When Scott returned to the hotel—where he had decided to stay at the last minute—two agents were waiting for him.

"One took off his coat and stood kinda sideways to let me see his gun, and the other said, 'We're here to give you full immunity.' " Scott declined the offer. When the men left, he called his wife in Las Vegas. "She was all shook up. The same two agents who had promised to stay away from her waited until I was gone and returned to harass her further."

Meanwhile, in Highland Park, N.J., another set of FBI men were serving a subpoena on Phillip Shinnick. The former Olympic long jumper and Rutgers professor had twice refused to answer questions about his friend Jack Scott. That didn't stop the FBI from questioning Shinnick's friends. "They've contacted just about every friend I've got, even parents of friends, even the people who sublet a friend's New York apartment. One guy, a graduate student at Harvard, told me *his* house was under surveillance and that agents had visited his mother."



Patty Hearst, top left, and her look-alikes: Bottom left, the FBI's vision of Patty after her haircut. Center, Bernadine Davis (right) and her roommate, Elizabeth Norton. Top right, Kelly Ravenscroft. Bottom right, Olivia Lantay.

When harassment didn't work, the lawmen tried lying. They told Harold Connolly, a former Olympic champion hammer thrower, that Shinnick's fingerprints were found in the Pennsylvania farmhouse where Hearst hid out. Authorities now concede that the fingerprint report, which was leaked to several newspapers as well, was totally untrue.

Both Shinnick and the elder Scott refused to cooperate with the grand jury investigation. The only witness who has talked to a Hearst grand jury, Jay Weiner, did so under threat of imprisonment and now says that his testimony was unfairly coerced. The 20-year-old college student, a close friend of the Scotts, was unable to withstand two weeks of steadily building FBI pressure.

After a series of visits to his Philadelphia home and one session in the local FBI office, agents cornered Weiner on the night of March 11 in Oberlin, Ohio. "I was just pulling my VW out of the student union parking lot when a tan Plymouth Fury cut in front of me," Jay recalls. "It was like something out of a movie. Three agents jumped out of the car, one shined a flashlight on me, ordered me out of my car and said, 'I have something for you.' " It was a subpoena to appear before a grand jury just 36 hours later in Harrisburg, Pa.

"I was scared shitless," says Jay. "I couldn't think straight. I told them I wanted to see a lawyer. They said, 'Don't worry about it, you don't need a lawyer. Let's have a cup of coffee and talk.' "One agent got in the passenger seat of the Volkswagen and told Weiner to follow the FBI car. He was taken to the campus security office and seated across a desk from the three men. They interrogated him for more than three hours, until almost 2:00 a.m.

"One of the agents took off his coat and showed me his shoulder holster and asked, 'Does this intimidate you, Jay?' Before I began talking I said I wanted to see an attorney again. They told me not to worry, that I wouldn't incriminate myself. It was a mistake to talk to them—I regret it—but I had never been so scared in my life."

Why is the FBI so desperate to find Patty Hearst? She is certainly not the most dangerous desperado roaming the country, yet more agents—at times up to 350—have been assigned to her case than any other.

Clearly, the bureau is chasing headlines rather than criminals, more concerned with its image than its job. And in its frustration, it has tried to cover up monumental bungling with senseless violence. Less than a month after the kidnapping, it was discovered that SLA member Camilla Hall had a Berkeley bank account. A few days later, she withdrew her savings without being spotted. The bank was across the street from the local FBI office. For the next two months, the unlikely band of revolutionaries lived openly in downtown San Francisco, strolling undisguised in the surrounding neighborhood, even daring to rob a bank. But 190 agents massed in the Bay Area could not find them. When the FBI finally did catch up with the brazen gang in Los Angeles, it was through a chance telephone tip. What resulted was the nationally televised execution of six SLA members by 400 police, and the destruction of any possible leads.

Those six were the first victims of the search for Patty Hearst. And their unnecessary slaughter set the scene for everything that has followed. "Once they wiped out everybody in Los Angeles," says Patty's mother, Catherine Hearst, "they gave the surviving SLA absolution. From then on nobody would tell where Patty or the Harrises are because they don't want to get people shot. I'd think a long time before I'd tell on anybody if I knew they were going to be shot."●

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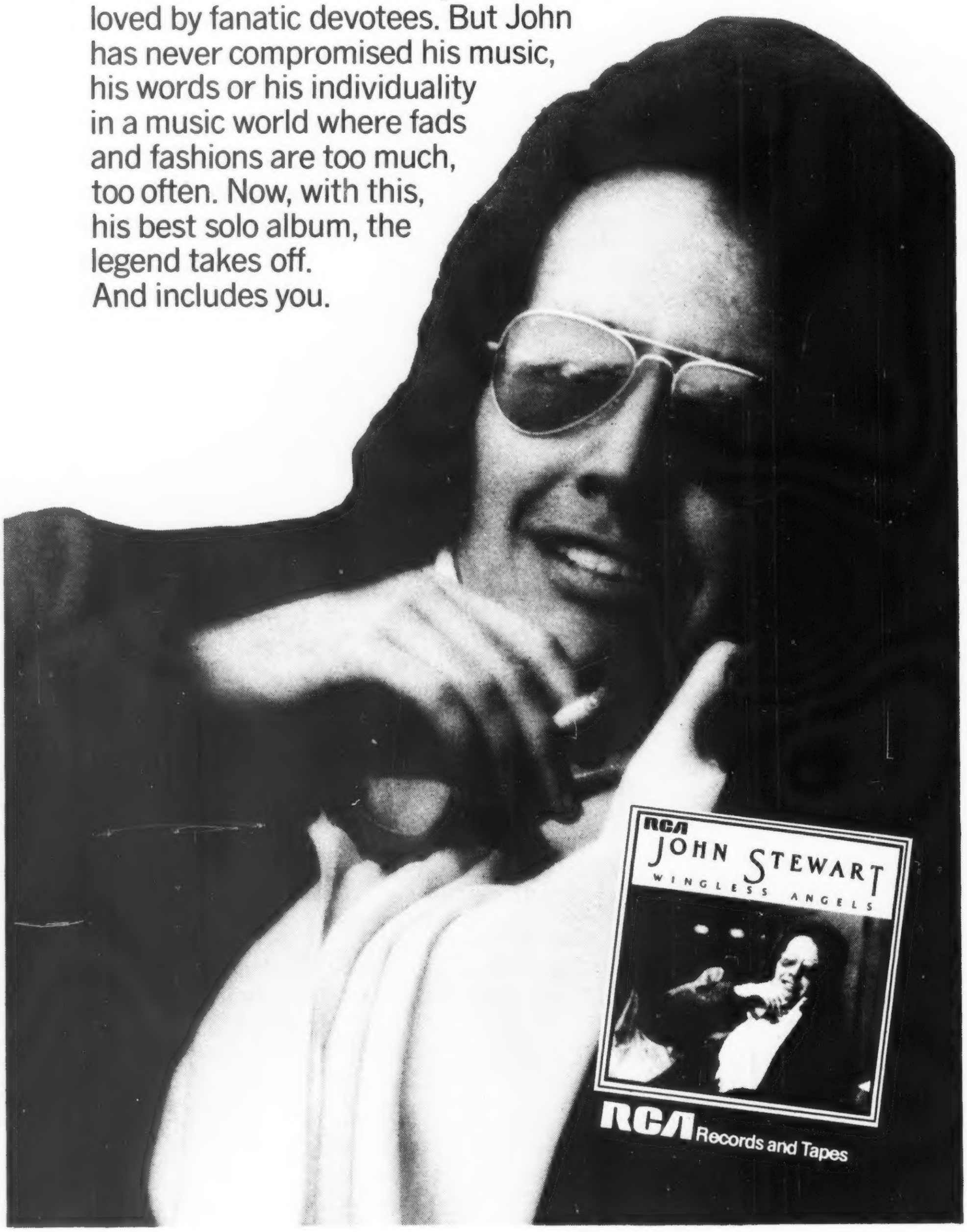
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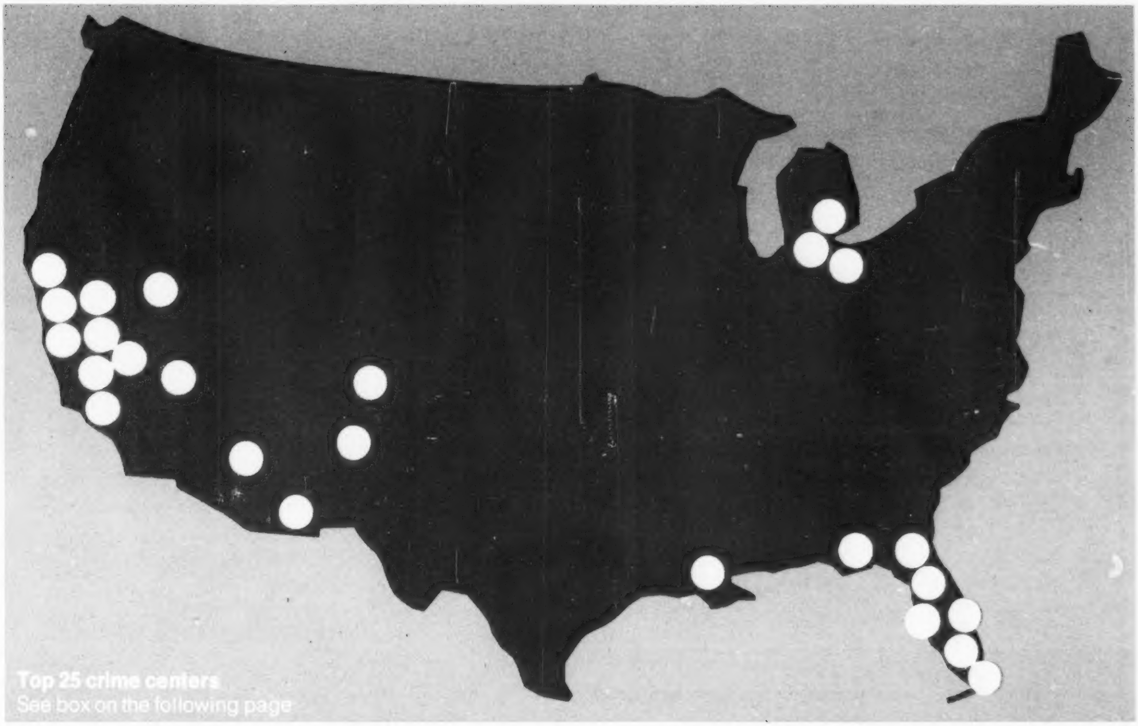

Top 25 crime centers
See box on the following page

By Ernest Lendler

The popular belief is that crime is an urban problem and that America's crime centers are the bleak, crowded, cold cities of the East and Midwest. But, according to the most reliable statistics available, that just isn't the case. The fact is, there is more crime in the sunny and warm states of the West and South than in any other part of the country. And the crime capital of America, according to these statistics, is not New York or Chicago or Washington, D.C.; it is Phoenix, Arizona.

The "Sunshine Crime Belt" is not new, nor has its existence been hidden away. But it has been easy to ignore. Early each year the FBI releases general statistics on crime (i.e., rape was up 9 percent nationally in 1974), in the nation's most populous cities, and that report generally makes a big splash in the press. But it is months before the Bureau issues a comprehensive area by area report on crime—its Crime Index—so those figures, though of greater significance, are rarely reported.

The information in the Crime Index is broken down into seven categories (murder, rape, robbery [use of threat of force in theft], aggravated assault [including attempted murder and rape], burglary [unlawful entry], auto theft and larceny-theft [theft without violence]), and it provides the single definitive evaluation of criminal activity in specific parts of the country.

One of the major criticisms of the Index is that it is compiled by Standard Metropolitan Statistical Area, usually one city and its surrounding county (the same areas on which all major government statistics are based) rather than simply by city. But to report by individual city, according to the FBI, would be "unfair" to the smaller cities and towns, since many would find themselves with extraor-

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Ernie Lendler is a free-lance who lives in Brooklyn Heights.

dinarily high rates. In a city by city accounting, San Clemente, California, for example, would have higher robbery, larceny-theft and rape rates than New York City. Other small California cities would fare even worse: Inglewood has a crime rate of 10,100 incidences per 100,000 population; Lynwood, over 12,100; South Lake Tahoe, over 13,100; and Compton, over 16,100. New York's rate—6,100—is tame by comparison.

Within the "Sunshine Crime Belt," most police and elected officials initially deny that their areas have high crime rates and acknowledge the problem only after being confronted with the Crime Index. Even then, there are some who deny the validity of the statistics. Lt. Post of the West Palm Beach Police Department, for instance, insists that "there is no way we can compare to New York. Crime is worse in New York from what I read. There is no doubt in my mind about that."

However, once officials begin to list reasons for their high crime rates, three causative factors become apparent; the climate, social instability and an absence of fear of crime. Ray Marky, an assistant attorney general in Florida, has found that "weather has a lot to do with crime. In the heat of summer tempers flare, and I have read reports that crime increases with the temperature. I mean, who wants to go out to stalk a woman when it's zero degrees outside?" The Florida legislature has just finished a study of the state's crime and has concluded that the situation might require drastic measures. "We are going to have to do something," as Marky puts it, "or it's going to become a zoo around here."

According to Mike Sophy, a special assistant to the Arizona attorney general, the desert air attracts undesir-

Top 50 crime centers

(Statistics are for metropolitan areas.
The figures in the right-hand column of all charts are the number
of crimes per 100,000, as reported by the FBI.)

1.	Phoenix, Arizona	8,165.2
2.	Daytona Beach, Florida	7,861.4
3.	Ann Arbor, Michigan	7,746.9
4.	Las Vegas, Nevada	7,526.3
5.	Fort Lauderdale—Hollywood, Fla.	7,519.8
6.	San Francisco—Oakland, Calif.	7,277.8
7.	Fresno, California	7,214.5
8.	West Palm Beach—Boca Raton, Fla.	7,125.2
9.	Reno, Nevada	7,000.8
10.	Albuquerque, New Mexico	6,966.4
11.	Stockton, California	6,819.4
12.	Miami, Florida	6,726.8
13.	Los Angeles—Long Beach, Calif.	6,628.5
14.	Saginaw, Michigan	6,617.1
15.	Denver-Boulder, Colorado	6,584.6
16.	Sarasota, Florida	6,584.1
17.	Gainesville, Florida	6,575.8
18.	Bakersfield, California	6,560.7
19.	Santa Cruz, California	6,489.1
20.	Santa Rosa, California	6,464.3
21.	Modesto, California	6,441.9
22.	Kalamazoo-Portage, Mich.	6,432.3
23.	Orlando, Florida	6,404.3
24.	Tucson, Arizona	6,391.5
25.	Baton Rouge, La.	6,362.7
26.	Riverside—San Bernardino—Ontario, Calif.	6,247.7
27.	Eugene—Springfield, Ore.	6,232.2
28.	Portland, Oregon	6,174.7
29.	San Jose, California	6,147.6
30.	Sacramento, California	6,146.2
31.	Detroit, Michigan	6,098.3
32.	Yakima, Washington	6,092.3
33.	Tampa—St. Petersburg, Fla.	6,064.2
34.	Flint, Michigan	5,938.9
35.	Seattle—Everett, Wash.	5,924.9
36.	Anaheim—Santa Ana—Garden Grove, Calif.	5,889.4
37.	Jacksonville, Florida	5,861.8
38.	Lawton, Oklahoma	5,840.3
39.	Lakeland—Winter Haven, Fla.	5,785.6
40.	Melbourne—Titusville—Cocoa, Fla.	5,756.2
41.	Little Rock—North Little Rock, Ark.	5,733.8
42.	Spokane, Washington	5,714.5
43.	Corpus Christi, Texas	5,705.1
44.	St. Louis, Mo.—Ill.	5,675.1
45.	Austin, Texas	5,618.9
46.	Pensacola, Florida	5,613.1
47.	Memphis, Tenn.—Ark.—Miss.	5,597.1
48.	El Paso, Texas	5,569.9
49.	Baltimore, Maryland	5,545.6
50.	Vallejo—Fairfield—Napa, Calif.	5,483.4

Burglary

1.	Las Vegas, Nevada	2,639.1
2.	Daytona Beach, Florida	2,634.1
3.	Phoenix, Arizona	2,509.6
4.	Ann Arbor, Michigan	2,417.2
5.	Sarasota, Florida	2,407.8
6.	Fresno, California	2,383.8
7.	West Palm Beach, Florida	2,243.2
8.	Albuquerque, New Mexico	2,231.0
9.	San Francisco, California	2,205.6
10.	Riverside—San Bernardino, Calif.	2,190.4
11.	Los Angeles—Long Beach, Calif.	2,187.6
12.	Fort Lauderdale—Hollywood, Fla.	2,144.2
13.	Santa Cruz, California	2,123.2
14.	Portland, Oregon	2,081.1
15.	Orlando, Fla.	2,051.4
16.	Gainesville, Florida	2,050.4
17.	Stockton, California	2,031.4
18.	Tampa—St. Petersburg, Fla.	2,024.2
19.	Santa Rosa, California	2,022.2
20.	Baton Rouge, Louisiana	2,018.7
21.	Atlanta, Georgia	2,003.8
22.	Denver—Boulder, Colorado	1,996.4
23.	Sacramento, California	1,995.0
24.	Anaheim—Santa Ana, Calif.	1,942.8
25.	Saginaw, Michigan	1,936.1

Top 10 states

1.	Arizona	6,703.9
2.	Nevada	6,632.1
3.	California	6,304.9
4.	Florida	5,960.3
5.	Colorado	5,495.8
6.	Michigan	5,489.4
7.	Oregon	5,297.1
8.	Washington State	5,089.9
9.	Hawaii	4,958.8
10.	Alaska	4,943.3

ables. "Even the criminals are deciding where they want to live," he says. "It's just as profitable to rob houses in Phoenix in the sun instead of someplace in the snow." He adds that high quality drugs are cheaper in the Southwest than in the East. Phoenix Assistant Police Chief Richard Porter is quick to point out that "our rate of increase is decreasing" and that, above all, it is Phoenix's property crime rate that is exceptionally high. There appears to be a reason for that, however; "It's so easy to steal around here," says one Phoenix cop, "that no one really has to use force to get what you own."

Most California officials refuse to publicly admit that their area has a high crime rate and evince surprise at the Crime Index figures showing California third in the nation in crime and in the top ten in every category except murder. One notable exception is Santa Cruz Police Chief Supervisor Charles Scherer, who states that "we are located in the most scenic place in the West Coast, the weather is real stable, don't get extra hot or cold and attracts all sorts of people, and we were referred to a year or so ago as the crime capital of the world." Scherer confesses that there is ample reason for the designation; Santa Cruz has produced three mass murderers in the last two years. In late 1972-early 1973 one man killed five people, and in 1974 two men, acting independently, killed a total of 27. One of the '74 killers murdered 11 and the other killed 16 women. "He butchered the girls after killing them," says Scherer of the woman killer. "There was sexual assault after death in most cases, and he spread their remains all over the county." All three are now in jail, but, according to Scherer, the climate continues to attract "all sorts of people," with the current major problems being armed robbery and burglary.

Indeed, all of the "Sunshine Crime Belt" is a growth area, with thousands of new residents arriving daily. The resultant lack of social stability further contributes to the crime problem. Lt. Preston Hobbs of the Las Vegas Police Department notes that "people who live side by side for four years will not know each other, and when someone goes in and removes the TV or the whole house all they say is, 'I guess those people are moving.'"

But, in spite of the high crime rates, there is a general absence of fear of crime in the Belt, a fact which, in itself, makes citizens more susceptible to victimization. "In Phoenix," notes Mike Sophy of the attorney general's office, "there is not a noticeable fear of crime. People do not talk about crime as they do

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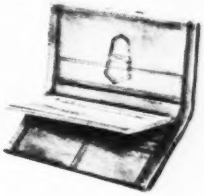

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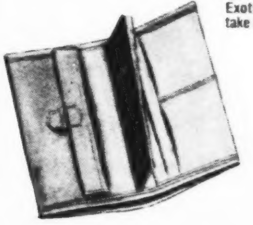

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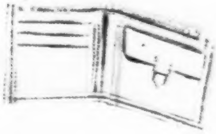

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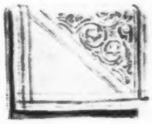
#PF-116—3 x 4
Soft and miniature, but holds big bills.



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in the Northeast and, unlike the East, they are not afraid to go out of their homes after dark." In nearby Albuquerque, which was the nation's crime capital in 1971 and 1972, Bob Fenton, director of public information for the police department, finds "a more casual style of living and less a feeling among citizens that they are in the midst of crime. They feel that Albuquerque is a safe city." More and more "Sunshine Crime Belt" police departments are finding themselves in the position of having to try to actually create fear in an effort to bring the crime rate down.

Though the Northern urban centers certainly have their fair share of crime—New York leads in robberies, for example, and Boston in auto theft—the only cold weather area with as much crime as the Belt region is the Ann Arbor-Detroit-Saginaw area of Michigan. Ann Arbor Mayor Jim Stephenson is at a complete loss to explain his town's status, as are local police officials, though others variously blame the area's large student population, its seasonal auto industry, it's large unemployment rate or the large number of local gun owners.

But with that solitary exception, crime is most prevalent in more pleasant climes. The existence of the Belt hardly matches our beliefs about crime in this country, but it has been there for years, and there it will likely remain.

The only question that remains is which area within the Belt will be the crime capital when the next Crime Index is released late this year. Phoenix police, for their part, are sanguine about their city's prospects of retaining the title. "We'll probably lead the list again," says a public relations official for the Phoenix Police Department. "I can't see anyone beating us."●

Rape

1.	Memphis, Tennessee	64.6
2.	Tallahassee, Florida	63.6
3.	Las Vegas, Nevada	62.2
4.	Little Rock, Arkansas	57.7
5.	Albuquerque, New Mexico	57.0
6.	Los Angeles—Long Beach, Calif.	55.0
7.	Jacksonville, Florida	52.9
8.	Orlando, Florida	51.0
9.	Denver-Boulder, Colorado	48.8
10.	Santa Cruz, California	47.1
11.	Daytona Beach, Florida	46.8
12.	San Francisco, California	44.9
13.	Ann Arbor, Michigan	44.7
	Norfolk—Virginia Beach, Va.	44.7
15.	Fayetteville, North Carolina	43.3
16.	Detroit, Michigan	43.2
17.	Pueblo, Colorado	42.7
18.	Savannah, Georgia	42.5
19.	Atlanta, Georgia	42.4
20.	Charleston, South Carolina	41.4
21.	Riverside—San Bernardino, Calif.	41.2
22.	Gainesville, Florida	41.0
23.	Muskegon, Michigan	39.8
24.	Killeen—Temple, Texas	39.7
	Jackson, Michigan	39.7

Aggravated assault

1.	Columbia, South Carolina	552.3
2.	Miami, Florida	530.7
3.	Greensboro—Winston-Salem, N.C.	502.3
4.	Lafayette, Louisiana	491.9
5.	Baton Rouge, Louisiana	469.0
6.	Waco, Texas	452.5
7.	Peoria, Illinois	442.3
8.	Wilmington, N.C.	435.0
9.	Orlando, Florida	433.1
10.	Gainesville, Florida	428.2
11.	Jackson, Michigan	426.4
12.	West Palm Beach, Fla.	417.8
13.	Kalamazoo-Portage, Mich.	414.1
14.	Flint, Michigan	409.4
15.	Baltimore, Maryland	407.5
16.	Fayetteville, N.C.	406.4
17.	Tallahassee, Florida	403.9
18.	New York, New York	401.5
19.	Los Angeles—Long Beach, Calif.	400.0
20.	Charlotte, North Carolina	390.2
21.	Pueblo, Colorado	387.3
22.	Albuquerque, New Mexico	385.3
23.	Corpus Christi, Texas	380.4
24.	Ann Arbor, Michigan	365.2
25.	Little Rock, Arkansas	363.4

Larceny-Theft

1.	Phoenix, Arizona	4,394.2
2.	Ann Arbor, Michigan	4,264.3
3.	Daytona Beach, Florida	4,130.6
4.	Fort Lauderdale—Hollywood, Fla.	4,120.3
5.	Reno, Nevada	4,119.6
6.	Modesto, California	3,977.9
7.	Tucson, Arizona	3,895.1
8.	West Palm Beach, Florida	3,838.8
9.	Kalamazoo-Portage, Mich.	3,829.5
10.	Eugene, Oregon	3,779.1
11.	Saginaw, Michigan	3,778.8
12.	San Jose, California	3,772.2
13.	Bakersfield, California	3,761.4
14.	Stockton, California	3,703.2
15.	Yakima, Washington	3,696.8
16.	Santa Rosa, California	3,649.2
17.	San Francisco, California	3,643.0
18.	Champaign-Urbana, Ill.	3,631.9
19.	Fresno, California	3,553.3
20.	Santa Cruz, California	3,495.7
21.	Gainesville, Florida	3,477.2
22.	Sarasota, Florida	3,475.2
23.	Albuquerque, New Mexico	3,468.7
24.	Melbourne-Titusville, Fla.	3,433.8
25.	Spokane, Washington	3,433.2

Murder

1.	Atlanta, Georgia	21.8
2.	New Orleans, Louisiana	21.6
	Waco, Texas	21.6
4.	Jackson, Mississippi	20.8
5.	Santa Cruz, California	20.3
6.	Savannah, Georgia	20.1
7.	Jacksonville, Florida	19.8
8.	Biloxi-Gulfport, Mississippi	19.7
9.	Lakeland—Winter Haven, Fla.	19.5
10.	Detroit, Michigan	19.3
11.	Fort Myers, Florida	18.8
12.	Memphis, Tennessee	18.7
13.	Macon, Georgia	18.2
14.	West Palm Beach, Florida	17.8
	Atlantic City, New Jersey	17.8
16.	New York, New York	17.5
17.	Gainesville, Florida	17.4
18.	Asheville, North Carolina	17.0
19.	Saginaw, Michigan	16.9
20.	Gary—East Chicago, Indiana	16.8
21.	Shreveport, Louisiana	16.7
	Fort Lauderdale—Hollywood, Fla.	16.7
23.	San Antonio, Texas	16.6
24.	Stockton, California	16.3
25.	Columbia, South Carolina	16.1

“The waste is overwhelming”

The debate goes on. Even as the North Vietnam army inched closer to Saigon last week, Americans continued to argue over first causes and final responsibilities for the Vietnam war. To judge the nation's mood on the eve of its first defeat, New Times *asked its correspondents to interview a cross-section of Americans, both those who had been involved in the war and those who had not. The interviewers discovered a spectrum of emotions that ranged between relief and anger, guilt and bitterness. Most of all, however, they found confusion and contradiction. Over the last decade, many Americans have apparently internalized the arguments from both sides so that they can now say, in the same breath: "We never should have been there, it was not worth a single human life" and "We should have dropped a nuclear bomb and won the whole thing." Perhaps the most poignant reaction came from a former Georgia state senator, Max Cleland, who lost both legs in the war: "The sense of waste, to me, really, is just overwhelming."*

Marie Marino, 41, Waterloo, New York
Clerk, Big N Department Store

The first thing I thought of was all those babies. Gosh. I wanted to go over there myself and help those babies. It's terrible—they looked so cute, and when that plane went down, I felt so bad. I'm happy I live here. I feel sorry for those people. It's a dictatorship over there. The people don't live free like we do, do they? I think we should stay away from those people. You can talk to some people but not to a communist. The way they go killing all those babies and raping women, it's like they are all crazy. I mean we've got rapists and murderers here but not so many. We've got a few, of course. But it seems like you can't talk to a communist. Still we shouldn't send guns and boys over there. If we could help by sending money, and Red Cross and nice things, but to make war, that seems so stupid. I don't know. You're writing all this down . . . don't write it down.

Who am I? I'm not an expert. I don't have a right to say it. But I do care. I still wear the bracelet of this soldier. His name is PFC Paul Hasenbeck and he's either dead or been missing in action since 1967, and when I go out my friends say, "Marie why are you still wearing that bracelet?" and I don't know, but I want to know if he's alive.

Charles Beall, 44, Gainesville, Florida
Teaches philosophy at the University of Florida

It's almost trite to say, but the suffering of the people seems to define the problem. Not the political thing. Not the downfall of Thieu. That was a farce anyway. I guess it's the television, watching the refugees. Boy, that breaks you. Melville said war is the last sport, the last game for immature old men. Thieu and Ford are involved in an athletic contest. Who wins? There's no winning to that much suffering. It's a game almost when they talk about who wins and who loses.

Everyone is in a sense lonely in their feelings about the Vietnam war because there is no conventional feeling. We can't hear anything because there is no community feeling. Good God, was there ever a community feeling about this war?

But at the bottom of it all is the suffering. How the hell do you justify the suffering? Thieu's Catholicism versus Buddhism or Camus' communism? Camus said no ideology could justify the taking of any child's life. That's it, man. That's it.

Jim Rice, 27, Xenia, Ohio
First year law student, U. of Dayton
Member of 173rd Airborne in Vietnam 1969-70

It was sad, that's all it was. The people who are really to blame for the whole thing are the career military people who made a life out of going over there and flying around in helicopters and shooting a few rounds up and getting a Silver Star, at the expense of people on the ground getting blown away and killed, who really have no stake in the war. In a very big perspective, even Watergate itself was kind of helped along by the Vietnam war. More and more people began to realize, including myself, that the people in Washington weren't really telling the truth, there were a lot of shenanigans going on, and just a lot of sadness in general. I think it's being lost over there, but I don't think it's our fault. I think it's the Vietnamese themselves. You know, they've got a bad government. Both sides to me are the guys in the black hats. I don't think that one's particularly bad and one's good, it's just that one's more corrupt and the South Vietnamese are obviously the corrupt ones.

Thomas Bodensick, 26, Arnold, Maryland
Unemployed; Paratrooper in Vietnam 1968, wounded in head and legs, receives 40% disability

What about the parents? They sent their kids to war and what did the kids defend? They defended their corrupt government and the crooked regimes of South Vietnam. The parents have to justify the war because nobody likes to say he threw away his kid. If parents of a dead kid say right on to the war, that's okay.

But what about the guys shitting in a plastic bag on their side because their intestines were blown away? What about the blind? They could open up a huge sanitarium for the guys who are mentally wasted. When the collapse of Vietnam started, for some reason I couldn't turn off the television. I wanted to see how the government would handle it, and I found that Gerry Ford talks like a man with a paper ass. The South doesn't have an army and how many billions did we give them? The ARVN left everything—planes, choppers, weapons. They ran. It just wasn't our war.

But it was our dirty war when Sammy Pullem got blown away. It was our war when the Medevac chopper came down and blew the poncho liners off the 14 dead Americans. The door gunner almost vomited because rigor mortis set in and some had their eyes open and mouths open and some were still in firing positions. It was our war when Lt. Kowski got his brains blown all over his shoulder. This guy could soldier like crazy, but I don't think he ever had a date with a chick. He was 20. A few days after he was killed, he got a present from his parents. It was a box and somebody opened it and inside was a note that said, "Son, we didn't know what to put in this package so we are filling it with all our love." Fuckin' Vietnam.

Merlin Lavey, 52, Pinckney, Michigan
Printer

I feel the same way about Vietnam as I did ten years ago. I think we should have gone there and stayed there, and I'm not afraid of Russia or China or anybody else. They asked us to come. We are our brother's keeper whether we like to be or not.

We were right to bomb North Vietnam, but I don't think we did it enough or soon enough. I think we should have socked them where it would have done some good. It worked in Japan: we socked them a few times and they said where do we sign and how soon can we sign. If you're going to win the war, some people are going to suffer. It's like, now the war is lost and there are a whole lot more people who are going to suffer than if we had won the damn thing. Up at Hue a few years ago, the North Vietnamese took it for a few weeks, and when they left there were pits full of people—just full of them. But when the United States does something like that, it's a crime. When other countries do that, it's not a crime. Atrocity is a way of looking at things. I'm not sure Calley committed atrocities. You have to ask, what were those people going to do to him? A few miles away, the soldiers saw a baby with a hand grenade tied to it. Now what kind of people send a baby out with a hand grenade?

They asked us to help them, you know. Someone has to help. I don't think we wasted our time in Vietnam, though maybe the good we did won't show for a long time. South Vietnam may be gone for now, but someday—in 20 or 30 years—it may rise again. Only then will we know if we have implanted the seeds of liberty there.

Maria, 16, Northridge, California
South Vietnamese girl living with American family, just graduated high school

My family is still there. My father. My mother. My nine brothers and sisters. They are there in Da Nang and I don't know if they are alive or dead. I listen to the news all the time. What do I feel? I feel scared.

I don't like it when people around me act sad. Only one friend here knows what I am feeling. Outside I'm okay, but inside I'm torn up about my family. I have so much food and so much clothes. I feel guilty. My mom here doesn't know I feel that way. Every day when I was in school she would give me fifty cents for lunch, but I never ate it. I sent the money to my family in Da Nang. The last two years I couldn't send it anymore, so I saved it in a bank. It's still there.

Two times my family ran from the communists. In Vietnam everyone runs and parents often die. And children feel they have nothing left to live for.

People get tired of living. They don't care.

I tell you, I don't like communists. But they're not all bad. They don't want to fight, either. They're slaves. They have to fight or their people will kill them. I used to like American soldiers, but then I saw one rape a kid and it made me feel terrible. The soldiers say they have to rape because they miss their girlfriends and their wives.

They raped a friend of mine and then threw her in the ocean. I knew they did that but I tried to be a very brave girl. But some Americans are very nice and some of my girlfriends have married them. I think they're pretty. I like their eyes and their hair.

L.C. Coleman, 59, Charlotte, North Carolina

Owner of soda fountain/hamburger stand

Vietnam? Yeah, I've thought it was hopeless for a long time. It's one thing to take a human life when you have to, but not not when you have poor people in the streets, our people, who find out the Army's the only place to get a job, and then went over there and got on marijuana and all that dope.

I had a nephew who brought the stuff back, and now he's dead, and all along I believe the government knew we couldn't win. And the crime of it, for our side, is because of people like my nephew. He was a nice fellow. I mean he distinguished himself, saved his whole company, and got a medal. There was a big article in the newspaper. But then he brought back that stuff with him; I don't know if it was marijuana or what—I consider dope is dope, don't know one from another—but he was 22 when he got killed, shot down in his own home with his child at his knee. He went to answer the door and never came back. Drugs is what did it. Drugs from Vietnam. And people over there been fighting for centuries.

No country in the world has given as much to poor people all over the world as our country has, but we got to be more careful how we do it. We got to straighten things out here first. If you don't have a solid base, why go over there.

No, I don't really regret what's happening now in Vietnam. I've thought it was hopeless for a long time. It's time for us to be out and let it end. Let them fight their own war, if that's what they want to do. I hate to see the bloodshed, but there's no point in us trying to keep it going, and it seems to me that's about all we've ever been able to do.

Manuel Maloof, 54, Decatur, Georgia

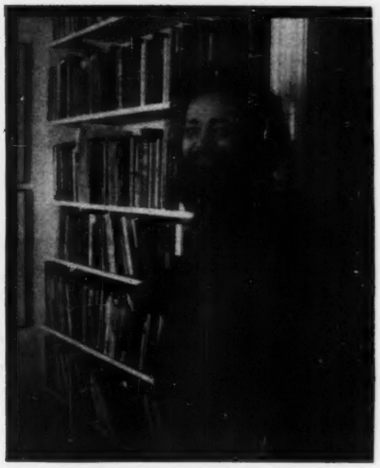
Runs a saloon where all the talk these past few weeks has been about Vietnam

The main thing I get out of this is that all those guys who were making all those decisions in those days were full of it. This had to be this way. This had to be that way. I wonder how the hell they feel? Westmoreland, those sons of bitches. Are they even man enough to say we were wrong? We lost all that—mainly all those lives—and they knew we couldn't win all along. There's a lot of feeling here that they knew it was gonna happen all along. They knew we were just sending a bunch of kids to die for nothing.

In 1965 I was one of those guys that believed my country could do no wrong and my President had all the facts and—even though I'm opposed to war, always been opposed to war—we wouldn't get in anything like that unless we were the white hats. Hell, it didn't take long to realize we weren't the white hats. Goddamn, getting involved in something like that, something that would just tear our own country apart.

I marched in a peace parade. I felt a little out of place with all those kids—here's this fat old man carrying a sign—but I did it. I couldn't stand for that shit over there anymore. I tell you, my whole life I've always been big on supporting this country. But now, I'd be hard to convince anything we do is right.

But what do you do about it now? We spend all that money and all those lives to annihilate those people and now look at them. What? Go back and do it again? You kidding?



Donald Hall, 47, Ann Arbor, Michigan

Poet, Professor of English

Nobody can look at the war with triumph now. You can't look at it with anything but misery and disgust—just disgust. I'm disgusted by that orphan business, that whole orgy of guilt—of sexualized guilt. So many of these children seem to be the offspring of American servicemen, and that wasn't said for the first week or so. You can't be against orphans, I suppose, but I dislike this feeling that these kids are *Americans* and therefore we have to protect them. Adopting orphans is being used as a way for us to expiate guilt. There is this tone of self-congratulation, that now we're making everything all right, now we are really wonderful people because we are adopting orphans.

I've just been writing a poem about a suckling pig, its body devastated after it's eaten, with only the head intact. Writing the poem, one metaphor has been coming through all the time—that the ravaged body of the suckling pig was like a defeated country. I know it's because of Vietnam.

I think of all the things I have known before—of the Germans running before the Russians, of the French running before the Germans—all the times I've read about where the images are always the same and I suppose always have been: the people in the overloaded wagons or oxcarts, and the women with tears, and the babies, dead babies. Like that Yeats poem "Lapis Lazuli": "On their own feet they came, or on shipboard . . . Old civilizations put to the sword./Then they and their wisdom went to rack."

I can't withdraw to the halfway house and look down when I'm watching those scenes on television; I cry like everyone else. And I don't care what their politics are.

Edward J. "Cooley" McGuire, 82, Geneva, New York
Owner, Cooley's Bar

I served in World War I in France in Alsace-Lorraine in an ammunition dump, and that was a different war. We had to fight that one because France was our ally at the time. Now, who knows? You don't know who's with who now. As for Vietnam, we poured a lotta money into it for the certain few who are now in Paris enjoying their women and wine. As for the communists, what the hell—who cares?Whatda they gonna do with 'em? Feed 'em, that's all. The quicker we get outta there the better. I don't think the communists are any better. It's the same with them—the few get everything. If you're in you're in, and if you're out you're out—that's the way it always is, isn't it? It's a damn shame we lost all those good boys over there, and the jerks say it's Congress. Well, hell, that's a lotta pizzamy-ass. It's just for the big shots. That's all most any war is—just for the big shots. And when was it any different?

Bob Plame, 28, Beaverton, Oregon
Marketing consultant, Marine aviator, Vietnam 1967-68, awarded Purple Heart

I can't honestly say if I'd do it over again. If my government ordered me over there, I think I would probably go. I still have respect for the laws of this country. But what did I accomplish over there? I killed a few people, slowed down the eventual takeover, but I didn't prevent anything. Maybe in the long run, the American involvement over there wound up killing more people than saving lives. So now Vietnam falls under communism. People are going to die and in a couple of years it's going to be under complete control and the average peasant in the field will probably be living better. I can't altogether say that communism is bad, once it's stabilized and put in a working condition.

Anthony G. Bellas, 58, Littleton, Colorado
Retired IRS agent; Commander, local American Legion post; World War II veteran

I think our national leadership led the American people down the primrose path by promising victory and also by indicating that this war was necessary for our security. We know now that this war was irrelevant to the security of this country. All the national administrations back to Eisenhower fed us misinformation.

If I'd said this five years ago, I'm sure it would have brought out instant outrage among the membership. I'd have been accused of being a traitor, or a leftist, a communist sympathizer. Now . . . I think now most people are too sick about it even to talk about it or discuss it.

After complete retrospection, and of course hindsight, going back and analyzing everything that took place and then looking at what's happening over there today, to me, this is one of the greatest tragedies in American history. It was all a total waste. Nothing was accomplished of value by our participation in the Vietnam war.

And I think our participation prolonged the agony. It was a terminal case, medically speaking, and our military participation was equivalent to providing medicine to a terminal case. All it did was prolong agony, death, sacrifice and destruction, all needlessly.

I wouldn't say that I'm relieved, but I would say that perhaps what's happening over there is best under the circumstances, to have this thing terminated. I mean, even though eventually it will come under communist rule, at least the killing and the destruction will stop.

Mrs. Kathy Adams, 48, Northridge, California
Head of Valley Encephalographic Services, Inc.

Well, of course, I feel terrible, but I also feel so grateful to be able to adopt two kids. I don't know what age they'll be. I kind of hope they'll be very young. They were supposed to arrive yesterday, but the agency called to say they'd had a call from Manila to say the plane was being rerouted and so it would be delayed.

I do feel terrible, though, about Vietnam. I think it's the cruelest thing. But I also think that the communists could have been beaten if we'd put up a fight. And I feel so sorry for the people of North Vietnam. It must be so terrible to live in a country where you can't have your own religion.

In a way I feel guilty about Vietnam. But I shouldn't. The ones who should be guilty are the American boys who left their Vietnamese children behind. I remember one—my oldest daughter went out with him. He was a soldier there. He had a baby, and you know what he said? He told me, "I just hate their slanty eyes." Now don't repeat that. It would go against our country, and we don't want to do that.

And now people are trying to paint a false picture of the people who want to adopt these children—like my husband and me. People say we're doing it for politics. You know very well it isn't politics. So I don't know. I feel great to be adopting these children. I love the thought. And all the people I've spoken to have said they'll help me however they can. With clothes. With food.

People think the people who are adopting are guilty. I'm not guilty. No one I've spoken to who's doing it is guilty. They just wanted to adopt a baby. Like I did. And I thought this would be a beautiful thing to do.

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"Ted" the troller

By T. Jeff Williams

On December 10, 1969, in the small California town of Rodeo, 16-year-old Leona LaRell Roberts vanished from her boyfriend's apartment. She was alone at the time. Signs of a struggle indicated she had been abducted. Eighteen days later, the nude body was found near the isolated Bolinas Lagoon in Marin County, just north of San Francisco. A coroner's report revealed a chilling aspect to the crime: She had been kept alive at least ten days, had not been raped, and had finally died when her lungs gave out "due to an unidentified virus." All reminiscent of John Fowles' novel *The Collector*. She had also been stripped of all clothing and of her rings and pierced earrings. The investigation begun by the sheriff's office in Marin County quickly reached a dead end, and the case was eventually consigned to the folder marked Unsolved Female Homicides.

On March 21, 1970, the body of Marie Antoinette Anstey, 24, was found along an isolated road in Lake County. She had been struck on the head and drowned. The body was stripped of all clothing and jewelry. With no discernible clues, her case went into the Unsolved Female Homicide folder.

California's latest occult killer, still on the loose, has probably murdered 22 young women: virtually all parted their hair in the middle and had pierced ears

More than a year later, on August 27, 1971, the nude body of 22-year-old Linda Susan Dudley, stabbed to death, was found in San Francisco. No clothing or jewelry. No other clues. Case consigned to the Unsolved Female Homicide file.

Three murders, months apart, and the bodies dropped in widely separated parts of San Francisco Bay Area counties. There was no way for the investigators to know then, as they know only too well today, that these deaths were the first in a string of murders that has taken the lives of at least 22 young women, has continued more than five years, and stretches from California through Oregon to Washington. Twenty-two murdered girls, many of them by prolonged torture and, say authorities, all committed by the same man. A man still unknown.

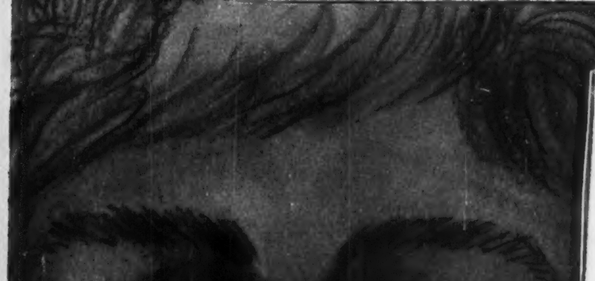
A confidential report completed in February by the Criminal Intelligence Branch of the California Department of Justice studied 103 unsolved female

T. Jeff Williams, a former correspondent with CBS News, is working on his second novel.

Yvonne Weber age 13 →

↖ Maureen Sterling, age 12 last seen Feb. 4, 1972 9 PM

Police rendering of "Ted"



Carolyn Davis - last seen July 15, 1973 Same spot as Sterling & Weber

Therese Dianne Walsh - age 24 Strangled to death - last seen at Malibu

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homicides in that state and concluded that 14 were committed by one man. The report says the killer's pattern is bizarre and laced with witchcraft. He apparently chooses his victims carefully, and, indeed, one psychiatric report said the man may actually interview the intended victim before acting. His victims are all female, all under 30 years old, all found nude with the exception of one girl found strangled with her own bra, all dumped at locations other than where they had been murdered, and all with clothing and jewelry missing. Most were thrown near water. They were, with one exception, all white and rather small in stature. Chillingly, all wore their hair long, parted in the middle, and had pierced ears.

In 1972 four girls were found dead in Sonoma County, all stripped of clothing and jewelry. But not until the following year, when two more girls were found murdered in Sonoma County, were the cases handed to Detective/Sgt. Erwin O. Carlstedt, a nine-year veteran of the Sonoma County Sheriff's Office. Carlstedt, known among his colleagues as Butch, is a soft-spoken, 6-foot, 200-pound bear of a man with a nose that has seen too many fights. He began turning the cases over like pieces of a jigsaw puzzle, putting elements together wherever they fit. First, he compared the six unsolved female homicides in Sonoma.

The first two girls to disappear from Santa Rosa, the county seat, had been Maureen L. Sterling and Yvonne L. Weber. The two snub-nosed, smiling girls—Maureen 12 and Yvonne just 13—were dropped by a parent at a skating rink on the evening of Feb. 4, 1972. But instead of going skating, they skipped across town to the Holiday Bowling Alley to meet their boyfriends. At 9:00 p.m., they left the boys and headed back to the rink, where they planned to meet their parents and tell them they had had a fine time skating. They didn't make it back. Instead, their skeletons were found 11 months later—Dec. 28—by two boys who at first thought they had stumbled onto an ancient Indian burial ground. When they showed the skulls to their shocked parents, they were told ancient Indians did not have fillings in their teeth.

A month after the two girls had disappeared, Kim Wendy Allen, a pretty 24-year-old blonde, left work and made her way to the entrance to Highway 101 in San Rafael, to hitchhike north to Santa Rosa. She was found the following day, her nude body tumbled into a roadside ditch. She had been strangled, and bound at the wrists as if spread-eagled.She was stripped of clothing and jewelry, except for one gold earring.

There were more to come. Lori Lee Kursa, 13, a freckled wide-eyed blonde, disappeared while shopping with her mother Nov. 21, 1972. She was found dead three weeks later, killed by a blow to the neck. Then came the shocker: Carolyn N. Davis, 14, who had been dropped off by her grandmother at the ramp to Highway 101 near Gerberville, was found dead two weeks later, laid out in precisely the same spot as the Sterling and Weber girls.

In studying the reports, Carlstedt saw he was dealing with more than just a murderer. The man was a sadist, a psychopath, and diabolically cunning. Moreover, there was an aspect of witchcraft in his killings. On the roadside from which Carolyn Davis had been thrown, a witchcraft symbol had been left behind. Made of sticks, it was two squares, one larger than the other, and linked by a single stick, a symbol that means "to carry the spirits away." There was more: A coroner's report on the body of Carolyn Davis showed she had died a lingering death from massive doses of strychnine.

The killer believes women are garbage, to be dumped like trash, like beer cans along the highway

The sixth and last girl to be found in Sonoma County was Therese Dianne Walsh, a slight, 23-year-old brunette who said goodby to three friends on the morning of Dec. 22, 1973, at Malibu Beach and began hitchhiking north on Highway 101. She was found six days later by two boys kayaking on the Mark West Springs Creek near Santa Rosa. Hog-tied and pinned by the rushing waters against a log jam, Dianne Walsh had been manually strangled to death.

Still missing and now believed by Carlstedt to be almost certainly a victim of the same murderer is Jeanette Kamahale, a 20-year-old Hawaiian-Japanese girl who was last seen April 25, 1972, hitchhiking on Highway 101. Fatal 101.

If there were six such killings in his county, Carlstedt wondered, were there more in others? When Carlstedt called the homicide offices in other Bay Area counties, he found more unsolved female homicides fitting a specific modus operandi.

He came up with five girls dead in San Francisco, less than an hour's drive away. Linda Susan Dudley. Then Rosa Vasquez, 20, raped and strangled with her own bra, was dumped in Golden Gate Park. Yvonne Quilantang, 15, the only black among the 22 confirmed killings, was thrown into an empty lot. Angela Thomas, 16, and Nancy Patricia Gidley, 24, were both found in July 1973, dropped in separate school grounds.

Five young women dead in San Francisco, six in Sonoma County, and another considered dead but not yet found. Plus Leona Roberts, Marie Anstey and the last, Donna Marie Braun, 14, found dead Sept. 29, 1974, in the Salinas River, Monterey County. Fourteen confirmed deaths, just in northern California, all by the same killer.

What kind of a man is he? The confidential report of the California Department of Justice gives only a general profile: a male, because of the strength required actually to throw bodies over roadbanks; a Caucasian, "because the majority of the known perpetrators in the past crimes of this nature were Caucasian"; under 50 years, because many of the girls, probably between 17 and 25, had been raped; familiar with witchcraft or the occult, because of placement of the bodies and symbols left behind; a loner, who may work in a job that permits him to travel freely, such as a sales representative or long-distance trucker.

Sonoma County Sheriff Don Striepeke (pronounced STREE-peck), who has given Carlstedt complete leeway to pursue these cases, says there is more to the man. "He's what we call a troller, the type who drives up and down the freeway ramps, trolling for the right victim. It's a common tactic among the rapists. This man believes women are garbage, to be dumped like trash, like beer cans along the road."

The road is definitely a motif, because the troller has kept on the move—most recently to the north. His first victim in Washington, Lynda Ann Healy, 21, disappeared at midnight Jan. 31, 1974, from her room at the University of Washington. Bloodstains were found in her room. Authorities did not know they were up against the California killer until, months later, they found four bodies dumped together. The m.o. fit those in California.

Next to disappear was Donna Gail Manson, 19, who left her dormitory at Evergreen College in Olympia to hear a jazz concert. Gone without a trace. Susan Elain Rancourt, 18, disappeared after putting her clothes in the dryer at her dorm on the grounds of the Central

Washington State College in Ellensburg. Roberta Kathleen Parks, 20, was last seen walking on the verdant grounds of Oregon State College in Corvallis, Oregon. No trace, but it indicated something or someone had drawn the killer back into Oregon. Then he was back in Seattle again. Brenda Carol Ball, 22, left a tavern in southern King County at 2:00 a.m. on June 1, 1974. No trace. Georgeann Hawkins, 18, started walking back to her sorority at 1:00 a.m. on the U. of Washington campus. No trace.

Then came the first crack, the first little opening in the case. Later that summer of '74, Janice Ott, 23, and Denise Naslund, 18, two girls not known to each other, were among a throng of 40,000 who crowded into Sammamish State Park near Seattle for a music festival. That day the killer approached at least five girls, and three who refused his request for assistance were able to give this picture of how he lured away first Ott and then Naslund:

Each girl was approached by a pleasant-faced young man, in his mid- to late 20s, about 5 feet 8, 160 pounds, neck-length dark blond hair. He wore a white T-shirt, white boxer shorts and white tennis shoes, and he had his left arm in a sling. Speaking in a precise, almost British manner, he introduced himself as Ted and asked each girl if they would mind helping him lift his small boat onto the top of his car. He had injured his arm and couldn't do it by himself, he explained. Of the five girls he approached, Ott and Naslund agreed to help—a fatal decision. Their skeletons were not found until the fall.

Of these eight girls who disappeared in Washington and Oregon, four were recently found thrown into the same rugged ravine, brutally tossed off a road embankment in the Taylor Mountain area some 20 miles east of Seattle. All were nude, all clothing and jewelry had been taken away—the same pattern. In that ravine were Linda Healy, Susan Rancourt, Georgeann Hawkins and finally Roberta Parks, who had been transported from Oregon to the remote area in Washington. Brenda Ball and Donna Manson have not yet been found. Now King County authorities report another girl missing—Bonnie Stuth, who disappeared in December last year.

Desperate to come up with some lead, Carlstedt last month attended a conference with sheriff authorities in Washington. For two days they went over every shred of information on the victims and on the killings. From this study came a bizarre picture of the killer's belief in witchcraft and the occult. First, there had been the stick symbol meaning "to carry the spirits away." The studies also showed that all the girls in Sonoma and Washington had been dumped on the east side of the road. Moreover, all the girls in Washington had been killed in the waning phases of the moon, a period known in occult worlds as a "sacrificial moon." More precisely, they were killed in either the Taurus, Scorpio or Pisces phases of the moon. The death dates of the California girls cannot be so closely determined to compare moon phases.

Carlstedt, restless in an office that is cramped by three file cabinets jammed with material on the case, studied his detailed murder charts and shook his head. "I'll bet you there's still a bunch, a lot of girls already dead, out there somewhere. We just haven't found them yet. We're looking for a real nut. I don't think he's a rapist primarily. He kills because he thinks he's doing them a favor. He thinks they are leading a life of sin and it's up to him to show the way. Just one man who keeps to himself, and that's why he's so hard to catch."

All the girls in Washington had been killed in the waning phases of the moon, a period known in occult worlds as a "sacrificial moon"

Twenty-two known slayings and no leads. That is grim, but there is an even darker side to the picture. The confidential report from the Criminal Intelligence Branch sums up the situation:

"The murders will probably continue until such time as the perpetrator is identified and apprehended. At the present time, there does not appear to be enough evidence to lead to the perpetrator's conviction should he be identified and apprehended. The victim's clothing, should it be located, could be the vital evidence needed for conviction." But apart from one bra and a few pieces of jewelry—these probably left behind on purpose—no clothing or jewelry has been found.

What now? Turn to a psychiatrist, start digging into the man himself. The Criminal Intelligence Branch said it didn't have funds to hire a psychiatrist, but Sheriff Striepeke and Carlstedt went ahead on their own. Carlstedt first wrote to Howard D. Teten, head of the Behavioral Science Unit in the FBI academy at Quantico, Va. Teten sent back a perfunctory report seemingly out of stock files, which outlined the characteristics of a psychopath and a schizoid killer, concluding that the man was probably a psychopath. Dissatisfied with that report, Carlstedt turned to Dr. Edward E. Shev, a psychiatrist who has often worked with San Francisco police. They talked six hours and then Shev visited the Sonoma sites. Excerpts from Dr. Shev's lengthy letter to Carlstedt about the killer:

"He would have a relatively straight appearance and be of peer age range with them," he wrote, noting that this would make it easier for him to approach his victim without frightening her.

"He seems to have a need for some type of fetish in relationship to the clothing and jewelry. The symbolic signs that were left behind would make one feel that he is challenging you to capture him and would know him by one identifying piece of jewelry."

"He's leaving a few clues on purpose," Carlstedt said. "And I'll tell you another thing. He is one strong son of a bitch. He threw one girl who weighed 115 pounds 12 feet through the air down a bank."

Shev's report conjured up grotesque images of the killer: "He would tend to bury the clothing in mounds for purposes of worship or he would keep one piece of jewelry as a means of displaying the 'notches on his gun' as an accomplishment in getting rid of these bad women. . . . This person would look on himself as a savior of mankind and therefore fall into the paranoid classification. . . ."

Carlstedt now knows what kind of a man is Ted the Messiah, but he would rather know *where* Ted is. Recently, there have been reports of nude young girls found dead along roads in northern New Mexico and southern Colorado, stripped of all clothing but left with rings and earrings. Is it someone else or has Ted moved his operations and decided to leave some jewelry as a new phase of his cat and mouse game? The authorities are at a loss.

Meanwhile, once every week and sometimes more often, Butch Carlstedt takes a melancholy drive to the wooded hills east of Santa Rosa where the remains of three girls were found, first little Maureen Sterling and Yvonne Weber, and later Carolyn Davis—all thrown in the same spot. Carlstedt stops his car along the gravel road, climbs out of the car, and looks down the embankment, half fearing he is going to see another body. But there is nothing. Yet. ●

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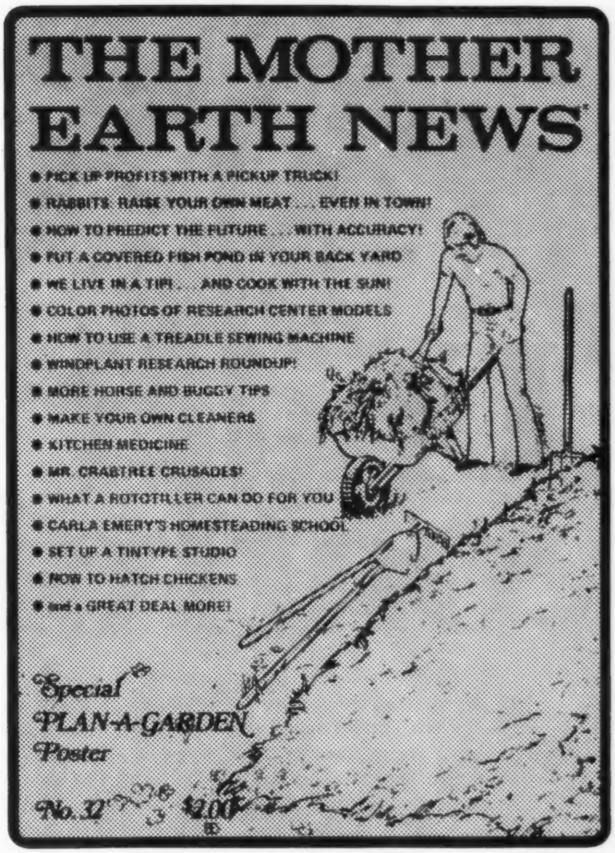

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Under control

To skeptics, Silva Mind Control is only the latest incarnation of psycho-chic. But graduates of the course say it has given them extraordinary abilities—including the power to look into the bodies of others

By Sam Merrill

Last year, a girl I know began going out with the most cheerful person I have ever met. He was a salesman who never seemed to mind having a bad day. Insulting waiters didn't bother him. People calling him a jerk didn't bother him. A bumper sticker on his car said, "Every day in every way I am getting better and better." When I told him that was one of the most asinine slogans I'd ever heard, *that* didn't bother him, either.

He attributed his good nature to a course he had taken called Silva Mind Control. I hadn't heard of it then. Not even a close friend, whose rabid interest in parapsychology I have always rationalized as being somewhat more socially amenable than crabs, had heard of it.

That was one year ago.

Today, Silva Mind Control has as many graduates as Trancendental Meditation and seems destined to become *the* psycho-chic movement of the '70s, an active, cheerful afflatus to get us through the hard times ahead.

Everyone I knew who took Silva Mind Control emerged from the twelve-hours-a-day-for-four-days course radically, permanently altered. On the positive side, all seemed more confident, more optimistic than before enrolling. The drawback was that friends who had previously been delightful company now chattered boorishly, incomprehensibly about "alpha levels," "outer consciousness levels" and imaginary "counselors." They were like a strange army of zombie-drones. Was Mind Control—even the name began sounding ominous—a human robot factory where some future Manson conditioned his followers-to-be? Or was it just another crypto-Buddhist, inner-peace-quickie-ripoff? I suspected the former, since personality changes were often accompanied by a profound disfiguration of the ethos. An acquaintance who went in Thursday morning as a militant atheist was disgorged believing in reincarnation.

But one observation was undeniable: good things seemed to happen to people who'd taken Mind Control—promotions, parking spots, improved love lives. I mentioned this curious anomaly to a recent graduate.

"Positive thoughts bring me benefits and advantages I desire," he replied cryptically.

Then a Chicago friend told me the strange saga of Bart Johnson, a White Sox pitcher. Despite an outstanding arm, Johnson pitched erratically last spring and was sent down to the minors. Suddenly he "found himself" and was returned to the majors, where he posted an 8-2 record in less than half a season. Johnson told Chuck Tanner, the White Sox manager, that he'd taken Silva Mind Control and it had changed his life—given him the confidence and concentration he needed to become a big league star.

Tanner was so impressed with Johnson's story he took the course himself, and came out claiming it had changed *his* life, *too*. The White Sox are

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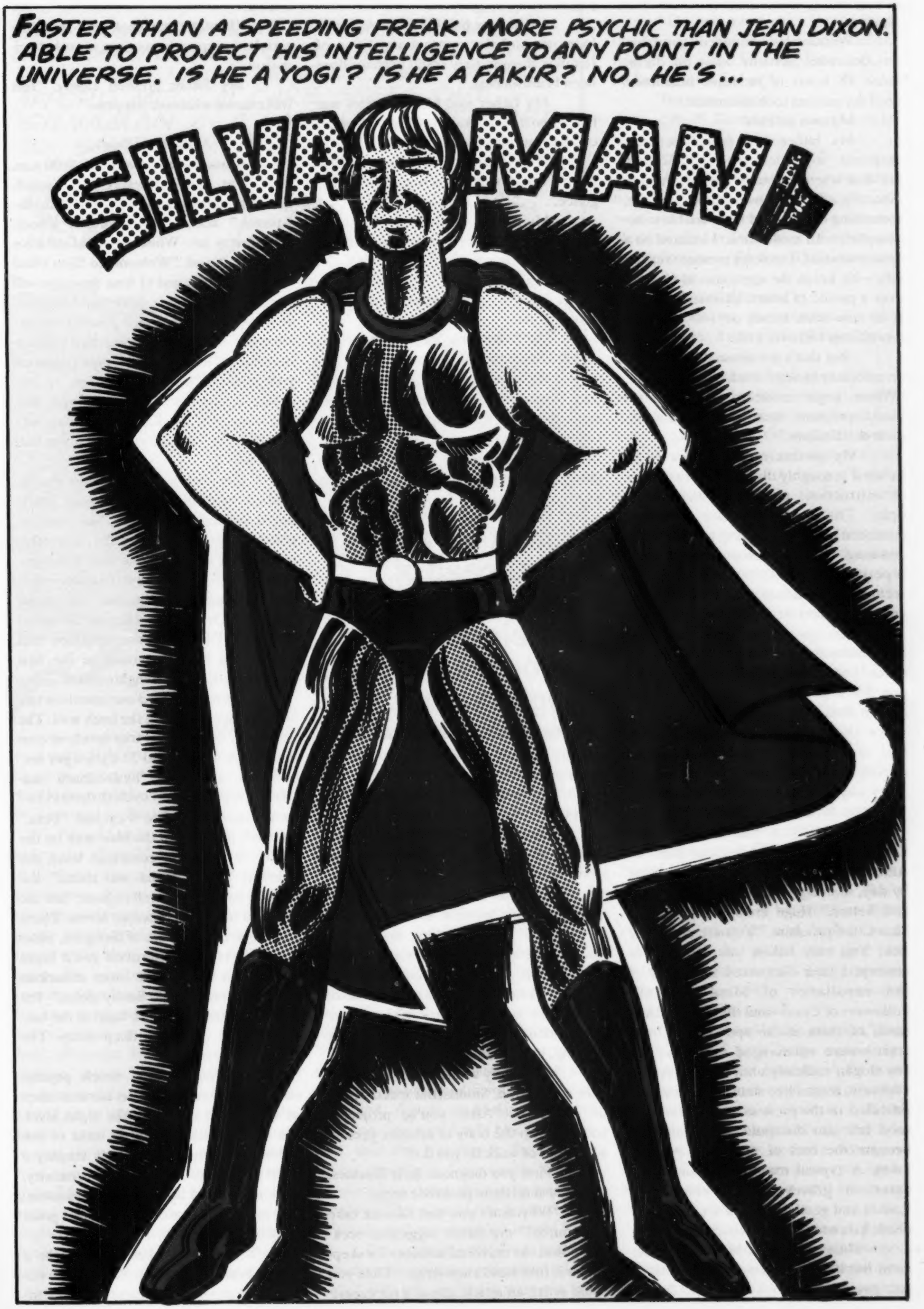
Sam Merrill is on intimate terms with William Shakespeare.

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY HARRISON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SILVA MAN!

ILLUSTRATION BY MARTY HARRISON

now offering Mind Control to all their players.

Weird tales abounded, yet I had no idea what actually went on during those 48 hours of intensive instruction until my parents took the course.

My own parents!

My father is a pragmatic man; skeptical, sophisticated—nobody's zombie. But when he told me he'd learned to mentally adjust his own blood pressure, something doctors had been unable to accomplish with medication, I insisted on a demonstration. I took his pressure repeatedly—he keeps the apparatus at home—over a period of hours, ultimately weeks. It is now rock steady at 140 over 90, down from 160 over 110.

"But that's not unusual," my mother, a former biology teacher, assured me. "When yogis meditate, they control blood pressure, heartbeat, respiration, even metabolism."

My parents explained that Mind Control is roughly divided into two areas of instruction: meditation and philosophy. The meditation they described consisted of deep breathing and rhythmic counting. The philosophy, a droning repetition of inspirational phrases, seemed like an amalgam of Dale Carnegie and the Sermon on the Mount.

I recognized the meditative technique immediately. It was a ripoff (adaptation?) of Zazen, a Zen Buddhist practice that is perhaps the most powerful of all Zen rites.

One of the inspirational phrases also rang a bell. It was that bumper sticker I saw last year: "Every day in every way I am getting better and better." That, too, is "adapted."

In 1923 a charismatic little Frenchman named Émile Coué came to America preaching a simple slogan: "Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better." Huge crowds gathered to hear Coué proclaim, "You are not really sick. You only *believe* you are sick" (a concept I later discovered to be one of the corollaries of Mind Control). Followers of Coué—and there were thousands of them at the apex of the brief craze—were encouraged to repeat the key slogan endlessly until they entered a euphoric, trance-like state. But Coué was ridiculed in the press as a charlatan and soon fell into disrepute. Eventually, he became the butt of numerous popular jokes. A typical example: "Émile Coué enters a graveyard and announces, 'Ladies and gentlemen, you are not really dead. You only *believe* you are dead.' "

Today, the name of Coué's movement has become synonymous with sinister, psychological manipulation. It was called "Auto Suggestion."

I asked my parents if, through self-hypnosis and the constant repetition of familiar slogans, they could perhaps have been brainwashed.

My father said Mind Control was the *opposite* of brainwashing. "You increase your mental self-control."

"I've heard some Mind Control people talk about projecting their intelligence. . . ."

My parents exchanged an I-know-the-unknowable-but-couldn't-possibly-explain-it glance.

"You're going to think we're crazy, but . . . ," my mother, the Educator, began.

My father, the Skeptic, interrupted her. "It's impossible. Don't even try.

My mother tried. "Effective Sensory Projection is the process of projecting yourself into things. Inanimate objects: walls, pieces of metal; animate objects: trees, flowers, pets; finally projecting yourself right into the bodies of other people."

"Energy," said Pat, "is matter traveling at the speed of light." Misquoting Einstein was step one on the Road to Enlightenment

Conversation flagged considerably after that.

Then my mother tried again. "Think of it this way: Through meditation—Mind Control calls it 'reaching your level'—you achieve a state of alpha consciousness, between seven and fourteen cycles per second on an electroencephalogram. There's nothing mysterious about that. But the difference between Mind Control and other forms of meditation is that once you're *at* your level, instead of just sitting there doing *nothing*, you *work*."

It certainly sounded like an *American* meditation; Siddhartha meets Horatio Alger Jr. "After you've projected yourself into the body of another person, what kind of work do you do?"

"First you diagnose their illnesses, then you send them positive energy."

"Why don't you and Laraine take the course?" my father suggested, reckoning that the universal antidote for skepticism is first-hand knowledge. "Then you could write an article about your experiences."

"It might not be a very flattering article. I suspect hypnotism, mass hallucination."

My father grinned sagely. "Just write down whatever happens."

The First Day

Class started promptly at 9:00 a.m.

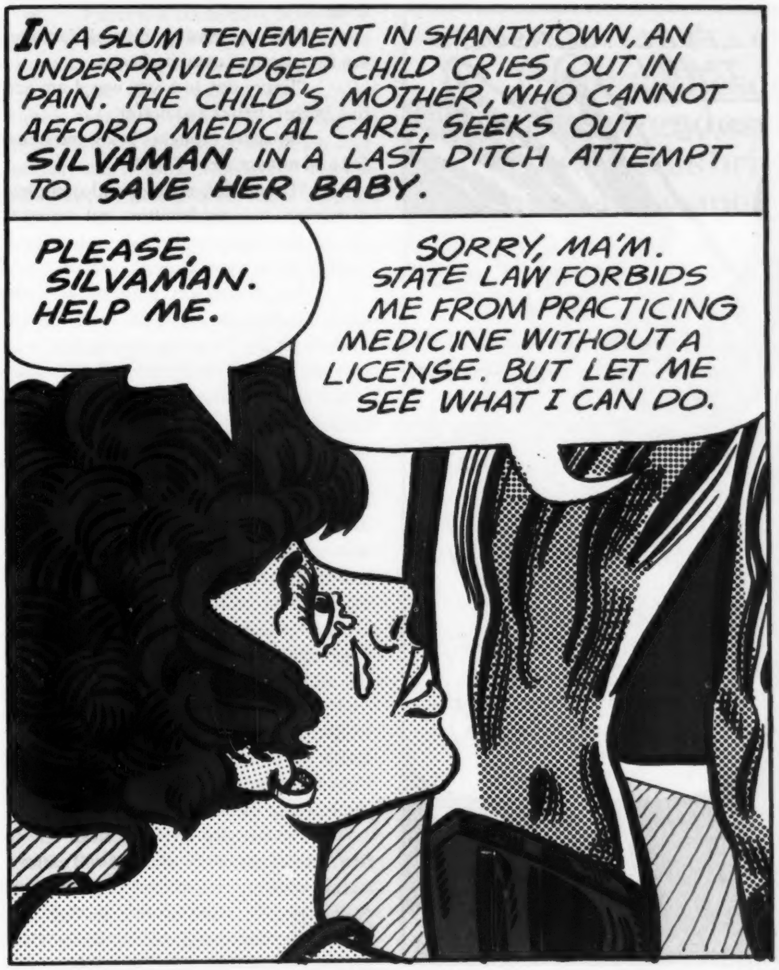
Pat, our instructor, was a small, slim, youngish woman with the "Middle-Atlantic" accent of the drama school, artsy-fartsy set. When all 40 of us were seated, Pat said, "Welcome to Silva Mind Control. At the end of four days you will have learned to use your mind for purposes you never dreamed possible before. Memory, for example. I watched you register this morning and will now repeat all your names. 'Carol, Frank, Jim . . . no John . . . no George. Not George, Jim. Jim was right the first time. Laura, Michelle . . . .' Pat remembered about half of us.

The lecture began when Pat inscribed "$E=MC^2$" on the small blackboard behind her podium. She then explained that energy was the thing that made Mind Control work, and in the process of that explanation casually interpreted Einstein's equation to mean, "Energy is matter traveling at the speed of light." I'd never have imagined that misquoting Einstein would be the first step on the Road to Enlightenment.

Then Pat turned our attention to a multi-colored chart on the back wall. The chart was divided into four levels of consciousness: beta (14 to 32 cycles per second on an EEG—"biofeedback machine"), alpha (7 to 14 cycles), theta (4 to 7 cycles) and delta (0 to 4 cycles). "Beta," Pat said, pointing to the blue area on the chart, "is the outer conscious level, the physical world. Alpha and theta," she pointed to green and red regions, "are the spiritual or inner conscious levels. These are the creative levels of thoughts, ideas and dreams. This afternoon you'll begin learning to reach these inner conscious levels of mind. And finally delta," Pat pointed to the thin black band at the bottom of the chart, "is deep sleep. The *un*conscious level."

Pat told us how much psychic energy we would learn to harness once we began functioning at the alpha level. She said because we spend most of our waking time in beta, we only employ a small portion of our potential creativity. "When they did an autopsy on Einstein, they proved he was only using eight point six point four percent of his brain."

I wondered what Pat thought a human brain looked like. Perhaps she visualized it as a computer storage room lit-


IN A SLUM TENEMENT IN SHANTYTOWN, AN UNDERPRIVILEDGED CHILD CRIES OUT IN PAIN. THE CHILD'S MOTHER, WHO CANNOT AFFORD MEDICAL CARE, SEEKS OUT SILVAMAN IN A LAST DITCH ATTEMPT TO SAVE HER BABY.
PLEASE, SILVAMAN. HELP ME.
SORRY, MA'M. STATE LAW FORBIDS ME FROM PRACTICING MEDICINE WITHOUT A LICENSE. BUT LET ME SEE WHAT I CAN DO.

tered with IBM cards, and by counting the cards one could tell how much of the brain was used. I also wondered where she'd learned decimals.

Pat told us numerous stories illustrating the effect Mind Control has had on the lives of the people who have taken the course. There were cancer cures, blind people who learned to see, deaf people who learned to hear, cripples who tossed aside their crutches and strolled home. Pat said one of her students, an amputee, was learning to grow a new leg. She also promised that our latent mental powers would enable us to see auras, those glistening halos that surround all animate objects in Kirlian photography. In order to help us see our first aura, she invited us to position our thumbs about an inch apart at arm's length, then focus beyond them on the floor or wall. Magically, small luminous clouds appeared around both fingers. Others in the class must have obtained similar results because a general sigh of wonderment was expelled as if by a single breath. Unfortunately, what we were seeing was not an aura, but the optical illusion caused by stereoscopic distortion of an object viewed simultaneously along two divergent lines of sight. When I closed one eye, the aura vanished. I considered asking Pat if this meant that Sammy Davis Jr. had less psychic ability than the rest of us.

The morning ended with a fascinating dissertation upon the elusiveness of reality, in which Pat made several cogent references to Plato's Parable of the Cave. I only wished she hadn't attributed Plato's work to Arthur Koestler, a 20th-century American novelist.

During the break, a group of us lunched together in a nearby coffee shop. The reviews were mixed. Melissa, a middle-aged junior high school principal who wore the straightened hairdo and slightly oversized, slightly out-of-date clothes of the "pre-revolutionary" black intellectual, said that listening to Pat was like taking a multiple choice exam. "One out of every five things she says is totally ridiculous. Three out of five are just slightly wrong, and one out of five is right."

Jim, coming off four years in Freudian analysis, was offended, said he hadn't noticed *any* false statements, and challenged Melissa to cite one.

"Do you remember her quoting the *Random House Dictionary*'s definition of *time* as 'the energy required to make something grow'? "

Jim remembered.

"Well? Doesn't that sound a little fishy to you?"

"No."

A few others at the table also needed convincing, so after lunch we all went out to a bookstore and checked the *Random House Dictionary*. It contained 24 definitions of *time*. Pat's was not among them.

Jim said, "Hmmm."

On our way back to class, Laraine asked Melissa if she was thinking of dropping out.

"I would have been gone by now, but somebody I work with, a totally straight guy, made me promise to stick it out. He said one day, two days, it'll sound like jive. The third day it'll start to come together, and the fourth day you'll walk out of there a new lady. So here I am. How about you?"

"Same thing," Laraine told her. "Some people I trust told me to stick with it, no matter how weird it sounds."

Melissa shook her head. "It sounds weird, so maybe we're on the right track."

That afternoon, we reached our level for the first time. Pat called it a "conditioning exercise."

"Conditioning? Isn't that what they call it when rats learn to run a maze?" I asked Laraine.

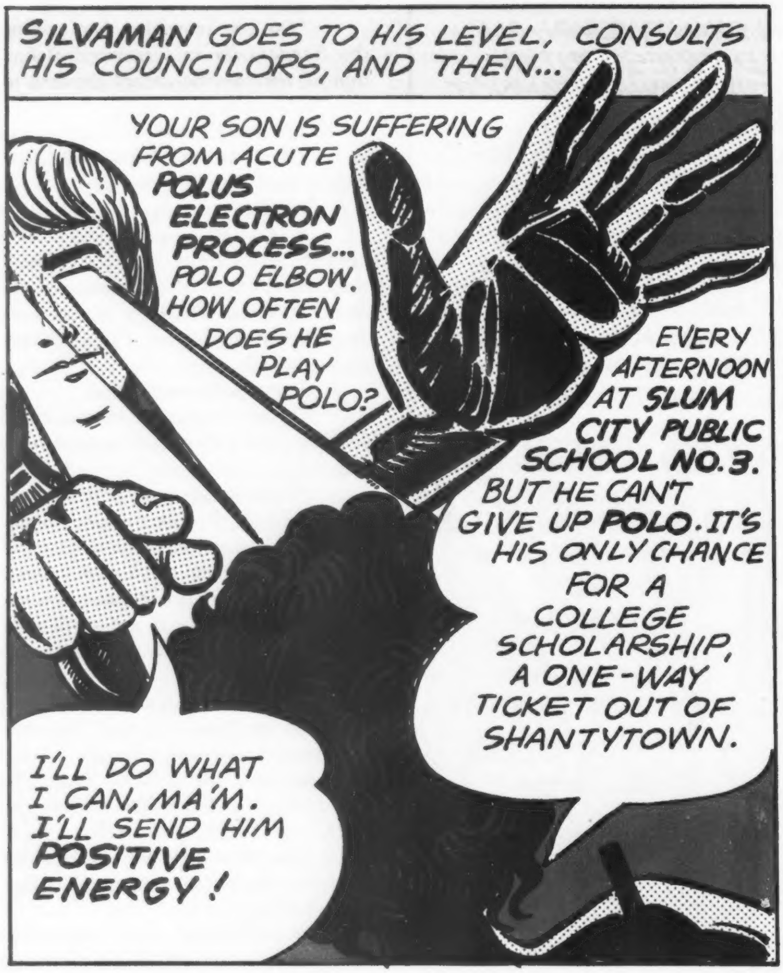
She reassured me: "Welcome to the Manchurian Candidate."

Pat clicked on a tape recording of a metronome and over it's soothing monotony began to read—chant, really—from a page in her notebook.

A metronome? How corny. That's what Mesmer used in his primitive 18th-century experiments with hypnotism. I relaxed a bit, but at the same time felt strangely disappointed. I'd expected something more subtle, more . . . sneaky from Silva Mind Control.

"Find a comfortable position," Pat began. "Relax your body completely. Now, keeping your head level, fix your eyes on a point in the ceiling, a point far back over your head. Stare at it. Keep staring. Feel the strain. Feel your lids grow heavy. Feel the desire to close your eyes and rest. But keep your eyes open. Keep staring at that spot until your eyes close *all by themselves*."

My eyes closed. I quizzed myself to make sure I was still conscious: name, date, time, location. I even opened one eye just a crack to make sure I still could.


SILVAMAN GOES TO HIS LEVEL, CONSULTS HIS COUNCILORS, AND THEN...
YOUR SON IS SUFFERING FROM ACUTE POLUS ELECTRON PROCESS... POLO ELBOW. HOW OFTEN DOES HE PLAY POLO?
EVERY AFTERNOON AT SLUM CITY PUBLIC SCHOOL NO. 3. BUT HE CAN'T GIVE UP POLO. IT'S HIS ONLY CHANCE FOR A COLLEGE SCHOLARSHIP, A ONE-WAY TICKET OUT OF SHANTYTOWN.
I'LL DO WHAT I CAN, MA'M. I'LL SEND HIM POSITIVE ENERGY!

Then Pat continued. "Take a deep breath and while exhaling, mentally visualize and repeat the number three, three times.

"Take another deep breath and while exhaling, mentally visualize and repeat the number two, three times.

"Take another deep breath and while exhaling, mentally visualize and repeat the number one, three times.

"You are now at the basic level that you may use for any purpose you desire. From this basic level, you may move to any other level with controlled awareness and function at will."

At this point there definitely *was* a feeling of relaxation and well-being. Also, I seemed to have lost my kinesthetic sense—I couldn't feel my arms and legs and had forgotten in what position I'd left them. So again I opened one eye. Satisfied that I was still not hypnotized, I settled back and immediately became aware of a strange sensation: disjointed, dreamlike images over which I had no control flickered through my mind while my eyeballs careened wildly under their lids.

"To help you enter deeper, healthier levels of mind, I will count downward from ten to one. When I reach one, I will cause a sound with my fingers and you will be in your ideal place of relaxation. 10-9-8-7-6-5-4-3. . . . You are now mentally transporting yourself to your ideal place of relaxation. 2-1. (Snap!) You are now at a deeper, healthier level. Deeper than before."

At the snap of her fingers, my swirling images crystallized into a scene of dazzling clarity. I was sitting on the green carpet of my old room in the house I grew up in. My closed eyes wandered over the framed drawings of airplanes, the submarine models, the books, the bed, the little formica desk—things I hadn't seen or thought about for more than ten years.

Again, I had lost touch with my extremities. I shuffled my feet, scratched my head in a half-hearted reality test, but kept my eyes closed for fear of losing this extraordinary inner landscape.

Pat's droning incantation resumed:

"The following are phrases you may repeat to yourself while at the basic level:

"My increasing mental faculties are for serving humanity better.

"Every day in every way I am getting better, better and better.

"Positive thoughts bring me benefits and advantages I desire.

"I have full control and complete dominion over my faculties and senses at this level of the mind or any other level, including the outer conscious level. . . ."

Pat reeled off perhaps a dozen more inspirational slogans, many having to do with not "learning to contract" certain diseases. I thought of Émile Coué and grinned, losing track of what Pat was saying. But then I heard something familiar:

"I am learning to project my intelligence into the inanimate matter kingdom with all its levels and depths, into the animate matter kingdom with reproductive intelligence. I am learning to project my intelligence to any point on the planet, any planet in the solar system, any solar system in the galaxy, any galaxy in the universe. And this is so."

Pat led us through a series of controlled visualizations, proving that we could, while at our "level," exert some influence over these strange visions. Then she brought us out.

"I am going to count from one to five, and at the count of five I will cause a sound with my fingers and you will open your eyes, be wide awake, feeling fine and in perfect health, feeling better than before.

"You will have no ill effects in your head, no headaches.

"You will have no ill effects in your hearing, no buzzing in your ears.

"You will have no ill effects in your vision or eyesight. In fact, your vision, eyesight and hearing always improve at these levels of mind.

"1-2 . . . Coming up slowly. 3 . . . At the count of five, remind yourself that you will open your eyes, be wide awake, feeling fine and in perfect health, feeling better than before. 4-5 . . . (Snap!)"

I opened my eyes and indeed *did* feel fine, in perfect health. But, of course, I was in perfect health when I started. Before mentioning anything about a childhood room with a green carpet and submarine models to Laraine, I asked her if she had reached *her* place of ideal relaxation.

She nodded.

"You think we were hypnotized?"

"Could be. One characteristic of hypnosis is the distortion of time. How long do you think that took?"

"Ten minutes. Maybe 15. How about you?"

"Fifteen. It could have been 20."

I checked my watch. Over 50 minutes had passed. Where did they go?

And was it *only* a distortion of time—events we perceived as taking ten to 20 minutes actually taking much longer—or was it something more? Is there now half an hour missing from Laraine's and my life? And could we have done something or learned something during that time, something that was deliberately erased from our memory?

Where did those minutes go?

The Second Day

On the way in, Laraine and I discussed the pros and cons of continuing Mind Control. Not wishing to become a zombie seemed like a reasonable con. Having promised parents and editors we'd stick it out was an intellectually defensible pro, yet we could not justify committing ourselves to a life of zombihood. We decided not to decide. If Melissa had returned, we'd give it one more day.

Melissa was there, but two others, Bob and Joanna, were not. About 9:10 the outer door of the classroom swung open. Pat placed the index and middle fingers of her right hand on her temple and said, "I perceive Joanna has arrived."

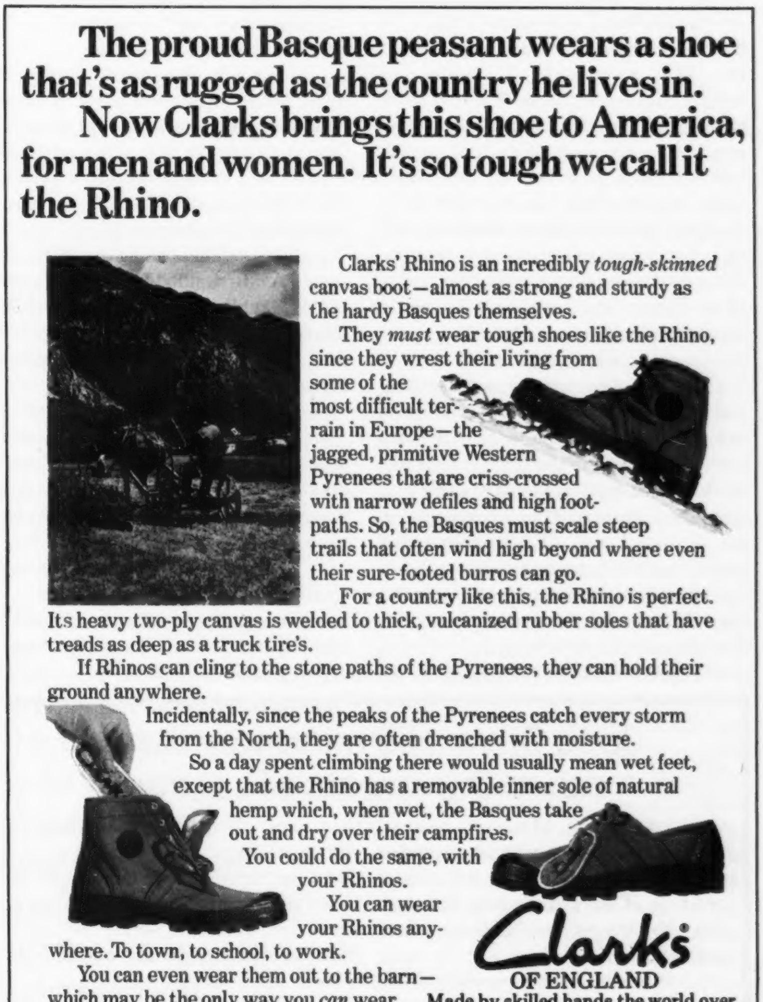
Bob entered.

The second day was devoted almost entirely to Mind Control "techniques." The cheerful concept behind these techniques was that virtually all the nitty-gritty problems of daily life—problems like insomnia, giving up smoking, forgetting people's names at a party—could be eliminated by going to our level and "programming" solutions.

Pat illustrated each of the techniques with more of her inspirational stories. One story I found particularly amusing was about a blind student of hers, "a gifted musician" (aren't they all?) who gained enough confidence through Mind Control to have a retinal transplant. Pat proudly reported that the operation was a complete success. What she failed to report was that there is no such thing as a retinal transplant. If Oral Roberts had been in our class, he would have been taking notes.

At the end of each conditioning exercise, Laraine and I estimated how much time we thought had elapsed, but the phenomenon of the first day never repeated itself. The fact that no additional gaps appeared in our memory rendered that first one increasingly difficult to explain.

By the end of the second day, I had pretty much decided that unless we were asked to do or think something manifestly destructive, I was not going to


The proud Basque peasant wears a shoe that's as rugged as the country he lives in. Now Clarks brings this shoe to America, for men and women. It's so tough we call it the Rhino.

Clarks' Rhino is an incredibly *tough-skinned* canvas boot—almost as strong and sturdy as the hardy Basques themselves.

They *must* wear tough shoes like the Rhino, since they wrest their living from some of the most difficult terrain in Europe—the jagged, primitive Western Pyrenees that are criss-crossed with narrow defiles and high footpaths. So, the Basques must scale steep trails that often wind high beyond where even their sure-footed burros can go.

For a country like this, the Rhino is perfect. Its heavy two-ply canvas is welded to thick, vulcanized rubber soles that have treads as deep as a truck tire's.

If Rhinos can cling to the stone paths of the Pyrenees, they can hold their ground anywhere.

Incidentally, since the peaks of the Pyrenees catch every storm from the North, they are often drenched with moisture.

So a day spent climbing there would usually mean wet feet, except that the Rhino has a removable inner sole of natural hemp which, when wet, the Basques take out and dry over their campfires.

You could do the same, with your Rhinos.

You can wear your Rhinos anywhere. To town, to school, to work.

You can even wear them out to the barn—which may be the only way you *can* wear them out.

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Made by skilled hands the world over.

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Clarks Rhino, available in Basque brown, blue denim and navy blue. Rugged low and high cut styles, an exceptional value at about $25.00. For the store nearest you write to Clarks, Box 161, FDR Station, N.Y., N.Y. 10022, Dept. RB

drop out. The decision came first. Then I looked for reasons. Was it just fidelity to my word? Was I continuing because I'd been *entertained* by the strange images that kept surprising and amusing me every time I went to my level? (During one of the exercises, a childhood friend appeared in my room. We talked, flipped baseball cards, played the Batting Stance Game. I baffled him with Yogi Berra, he stumped me with Moose Skowron.) Or was I staying on because I *had* to, because the decision not to drop out of Mind Control had been made for me in that phantom half-hour of the first conditioning exercise?

After class, Laraine said *her* ideal place of relaxation, a forest, also grew richer in detail and experience with every trip to her level. "In the first exercise this morning, I started walking and came to a farmhouse surrounded by wheatfields. In the second, I took off my clothes and rolled around in the wheat. But it didn't feel like wheat. It felt like feathers. In the third, I went inside a barn and jumped off the rafters onto a bale of hay."

Melissa said her ideal place of relaxation was a mountain stream, and with each successive conditioning, friendly animals would come out of the foliage and play with her.

Susie, a 30-year-old graphic designer whose eyebrows appeared electric blue under tinted glasses, told us that, although during the first exercise her ideal place was a deserted beach, a primitive village had now turned up and the natives were inviting her to move in.

"What's happening to us?" I asked.

At first nobody answered, then Melissa replied with another question. "Have you noticed that while you're at your level your eyeballs start jumping all over the place?"

We said we'd noticed.

"People who study sleep say that's how they can tell when somebody's dreaming. Their eyeballs move as though they were looking around. And alpha is *supposed* to be the level of dreams."

I added that the things I saw at my level were similar to dream images.

Laraine said, "Maybe *that's* what Mind Control is all about: learning to dream without going to sleep."

That night, I decided to try Dream Control, one of the techniques we'd learned earlier in the day. In Dream Control you're supposed to go to your level at bedtime, think about a problem you have, and tell yourself that the answer will come to you in a dream. (Telling yourself you are going to solve a problem is called "programming.") It was the first time I'd reached my level outside class.

My problem, I programmed, was that I had to write a magazine article about Mind Control, so it was important to experience the course objectively. But Pat's misstatements about Einstein's brain and Random House's dictionary, her childish tales of nonexistent operations and amputees learning to grow new limbs, were so irritating that I sometimes forgot it was her, not the course, that I disliked.

That night I had a strange dream. I dreamed that I awoke abruptly from a deep and dreamless sleep. Disappointed that nothing had happened, I fell back onto the pillow. Then the phone rang. It was Kurt Vonnegut Jr. (whom I'd interviewed four years ago and haven't spoken to since).

"I hear you're worried about Pat," he told me.

"How did you know?"

"Don't let *her* bother you."

"But those silly stories she tells. They're lies, insults to the intelligence."

"Why not think of them as foma, harmless untruths?" Kurt suggested. "From now on, keep your mind on the course. Forget Pat. She's not important, anyway. You're just using her as a receptacle for your displaced skepticism."

"My what?"

"Every time you enjoy something that happens in the course, instead of letting go of your negative feelings, you lay them off on Pat. Let go of them," Kurt said. "Don't ever be afraid to let go." Then he hung up.

The Third Day

As we were leaving, the phone actually did ring. It was my father. He asked if we had dropped out of the course.

"No, not yet."

"Great. Once you get past the first two days, you're there."

"Where?"

"You'll find out."

Thirty-seven of us were early. By 9:00 o'clock, only Michelle, Melissa and Tom were missing. While Pat fiddled with the coffee machine, the door opened behind her. "I perceive Tom has arrived," Pat said.

Melissa entered and slid quietly into the seat next to Laraine.

Jose Silva: His mind wandered down the streets of Laredo

Like many Mexican-American children from the impoverished border towns of Texas, Jose Silva was always dreaming of ways to get rich. But even then, *his* dreams were different: they came true.

When he was 5 years old, he took the few dollars that were his life savings into Laredo and purchased some cheap supplies. Back home, he sold the merchandise at a considerable markup. After doing this repeatedly, people began asking how he always seemed to know what the villagers were going to want to buy on a given day. Little Jose would simply reply, "I just know." By the age of 12, he was running a profitable chicken wholesaling business.

Then the winning number in the Mexican lottery came to him in a kind of vision. He scoured the border towns for that ticket, found it, and won $10,000.

This was no ordinary wetback.

In 1944, then a 30-year-old electronics engineer, Jose Silva was drafted. The psychiatric section of his Army physical intrigued him. He began studying psychology and hypnotism. After the war, while operating his own electronics firm and making more money than ever, Silva began experimenting with his children, trying to develop what he called "their intuitive factor—the so-called sixth sense." When his kids began answering questions before he asked them, he assumed he was on the right track.

Further research cost half a million dollars. Then, in 1966, Jose Silva taught his first Mind Control class in Amarillo, Texas.

There are now 380,000 Silva Mind Control graduates worldwide—roughly equal to the number of people who have taken TM. Centers have been established in all 50 states and in 16 foreign countries. At $175 per psyche, that's . . . a long way from Laredo. But there is evidence that Jose Silva has been keeping his customers satisfied to an unheard-of extent compared with other franchisers in the meditation biz.

The evidence is this:

Entering Mind Control students sign what must be the world's most unusual guarantee. If, after 48 hours of instruction, they do not feel that the course was successful, their tuition is cheerfully refunded.

In 1974 the refund rate ran less than 1 percent. ●

"Today we are going to begin working with Effective Sensory Projection," Pat announced. "The ability to project your intelligence beyond your physical body and into other objects. I have put three types of metal on the table by the door. One is copper, one is stainless steel, one is lead. I'd like you all to get up and place the three metals, one at a time, against your forehead."

When we'd finished and returned to our seats, Pat brought us to our level. We no longer had to stare at the ceiling before closing our eyes, and the counting process had now been abbreviated.

"When I tell you to do so," Pat instructed, "you will imagine that the piece of copper is in your hand. You will then place the copper against your forehead and project yourself *inside* the copper. You will be aware of all odors, tastes, sights, sounds and temperatures *inside* the copper."

In preparation for the inevitable fact that when I did it nothing would happen, I tried to *imagine* what it would be like inside copper. I could imagine nothing. So I made something up: darkness, a smell like . . . copper. A taste like . . . copper. It was hopeless.

"Now," Pat announced, "imagine that the piece of copper is in your hand. Lift it slowly upward. Place it against your forehead."

I felt like a teacher was passing out blue books for an exam on *Moby Dick* and I hadn't even read the Classic Comic. My mind was blank. I was going to fail.

My empty hand rose, and the moment it touched my forehead a scene appeared, as sudden and vivid as clicking on a slide projector. I was under the nave of a vast cathedral. Amber light poured down in a maze of intersecting shafts. The musty air was thick with a pungent, vaguely metallic odor, an odor I'd smelled one childhood afternoon while running a high fever, and never since then. A clear, pure, monochromatic chime echoed somewhere above me.

"Now remove the copper from your forehead."

The cathedral vanished.

When we repeated the procedure with stainless steel and lead, equally detailed images appeared. The steel conjured a glistening, futuristic cityscape under a bright sun. The lead was a prison; cold bars, fetid air, darkness without.

At lunch, I eagerly quizzed Laraine, Melissa, Susie, everyone who wasn't eagerly quizzing somebody else. Apparently, *all* of us visualized *something* inside the metals, but everyone's vision was different. For Laraine, the steel was a cylindrical living room with a white shag carpet, arc lamp and white couch. The copper was warm, pink, comfortable, like spun sugar. The lead was a cold, drafty, bleakly forbidding landscape. Melissa said being in lead was like being in stagnant water, but that the steel was an artesian spring. Susie thought there was blue air in the stainless steel, but she was probably just wearing her glasses.

Although the three-metals exercise was engrossing, amusing and illustrated the unfettered whimsy our imaginations are capable of, the same effect could probably have been obtained by gobbling a handful of weird mushrooms. What did it *prove*? For me, the fact that we'd all met with such diverse sensations indicated we hadn't actually gone inside anything at all. If we really *had* projected our intelligence into those chunks of metal, wouldn't we have experienced the same things? seen molecules bonded together? heard electrons whizzing past at the speed of light?

During the afternoon of the third day, we did exercises similar to the one with the three metals. We "projected" ourselves into walls, plants, even pets. The results were similarly vivid, similarly diverse—and again proved nothing.

The things I saw at my level were like dream images. "Maybe," said Laraine, "Mind Control is learning to dream without going to sleep"

Then we got our laboratory and counselors.

It was after 8:00 p.m. and we were tired and hungry when Pat sprung it on us. All she said was, "You are going to create for yourselves a place where, from now on, you will do the work of Mind Control." (Horatio Alger again.) "This place, which we'll call your laboratory, will have a comfortable chair, a large desk, a special clock that can move forward and back in time, a special calendar that can move forward and back in time, a file cabinet containing all the information you will ever want, a tool chest to build or repair anything you will ever need and a medicine chest that will permit you to cure any disease you or anyone else will ever learn to contract. When you enter your laboratory, you will be greeted by two counselors, people with whom you will discuss the work of Mind Control."

A hand went up. "Will this laboratory be different from our ideal place of relaxation?"

"Yes. You will never again return to that place. From now on, whenever you go to your level, you will go to *work*, not relax."

This was, at once, the most complex and least carefully explained visualization that had been required of us. A laboratory to do what? Counselors to discuss what?

The metronome slapped time behind Pat's countdown. I inhaled/exhaled deeply, rhythmically. Where would I like to work? Perhaps in an airplane. Yes, an airplane would be nice. . . .

The notion of putting a laboratory in the sky was my last flicker of beta before I reached my level.

At first I thought it *was* an airplane. My long, tube-like room was appointed in the Victorian men's club, opulent-yet-understated style. An upholstered captain's chair faced a broad, oak desk. But when a round, panoramic window opened in one expanding circle, like the iris of an eye, I saw not clouds but fish! Suddenly I recognized it. My laboratory was the Nautilus submarine from *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea.* On the far wall was the clock (it had Mickey Mouse hands), the calendar (a hugh orange peel with numbers), several bottles of medicine (vitamin pills in the shape of tiny fruits and vegetables) and one empty manila folder. Was that my file of all the knowledge in the universe?

Then a little man in knickers and a silk shirt emerged from the decompression chamber. He was slim, balding, and had gentle, doe-like eyes set in deep sockets. My counselor was William Shakespeare. I said, "Hi," but he didn't answer.

Although I followed these strange events with the same willing acquiescence to absurdity one displays during a sleep-dream, at the same time I remained aware that I was in a Mind Control class, that I was *not* asleep, that I could jump out of the dream any time I wanted to. In this dual, or split-screen, consciousness, the emotional sensations were not unpleasant, like déjà vu, but exhilarating. I felt fantastic!

Back at the Nautilus, a disembodied voice announced that we were going ashore, and Will and I leapt from a hatchway onto a deserted beach.

"I'm going to like it here," Will said. "The birds and the bees, the flowers and the trees . . . . I'm usually a better poet than that." He laughed and, although I couldn't see myself, I knew I was laughing, too.

On the beach, we met my second counselor, Sophia Loren. She had just returned from a swim and her cotton T-shirt clung lusciously to the goodies beneath. She, too, ignored me at first, but was overjoyed to meet Shakespeare. The two shook hands, exchanged pleasantries, then fell to the sand, began thrashing, throbbing, grunting, squealing—making the most passionate, vulgar, bestial and voluptuous love I'd ever seen.

"Hey, what about me?" I shouted.

They didn't answer.

Laraine freaked me out. *Her* counselors were Groucho Marx ("What you need is a sense of humor," he told her while entering her laboratory in Captain Spaulding's sedan chair) and . . . Sophia Loren. We never *talk* about Sophia Loren, haven't seen her in a movie in years.

I asked Laraine what her laboratory was like, smiled at the thought that three days earlier we could not have imagined ourselves seriously asking and answering that question.

"It's a house in the woods with a big stone fireplace. One side opens to a stream, the other to a forest. In the forest there's a squirrel named Amos and a giraffe named Gerry."

"How did it *feel* to go to your laboratory? Did you notice any unusual sensations?"

"It felt good. It was fun to see all that stuff. But I know what you mean. There was a very pleasant sensation that's hard to explain."

Susie, who was walking with us toward the parking lot, found it easier to explain. "I had an orgasm," she admitted.

Then I told them about Will and Sophia.

The Fourth Day

Bob and Joanna were late again, this time joined by Susie, Arnie and Roberta. The outer door creaked open at 9:30 and Pat did her fingers-on-the-temple routine. "I perceive Bob has arrived," Pat said.

Joanna, Susie, Arnie and Roberta entered. Bob was never heard from again.

Pat beamed down at us from her podium. "Today we are going to do cases, the real *work* of Mind Control," she said. "You will break up into 'case groups' of three and take turns going to your laboratory. The two who are *not* at their laboratory will tell the one who *is* the name, age and physical location of someone with an illness, a subject *not* present and who the person at his or her level has *never met.* While in your laboratory and with the help of your counselors, you will each be able to project yourselves *inside* your subjects and diagnose their illnesses. And remember, if you see an illness or abnormality, send the subject positive energy. After you've done your cases, you'll graduate."

Why did they have to keep harping back to that nonsense about "projecting your intelligence"? I had enjoyed the course. The ability to keep my consciousness functional at two levels simultaneously (the dreaming and the waking) felt good and *was* a legitimate form of mind control. Why did they feel it necessary to press for something more, something that obviously wasn't there? For the first time since we signed our enrollment papers, I flashed on a guarantee that accompanied the other forms. The guarantee promised that after completing Silva Mind Control, if we did not feel it had been successful we could decline our diploma and receive a full refund.

My counselors were William Shakespeare and Sophia Loren. When they met, they shook hands, then fell to the ground and violently made love

OK. If they were going to insist they'd taught us to project our intelligence into the bodies of other people, I was going to insist on some concrete proof. And if I didn't get it, they'd have to fork over my $175.

I deliberately chose Toby and Jack for my case group because I'd never said two words to either of them during the entire course. There was no way they'd know *anything* about the subjects I'd chosen. Jack went first. When he said he'd reached his laboratory, Toby gave him a man's name and age and a city in the Midwest. Jack was perspiring fiercely. After a long pause he said, "I'm sorry. I don't see anything."

My turn.

I gave Jack the name, age and location of a close friend who has Hodgkin's disease, cancer of the lymphatic vessels.

"I see him!" Jack blurted.

"What does he look like?"

Jack's description wasn't perfect, but it was pretty damn close. Then Jack said he was going inside. "His neck. The glands are swollen. There are white lines running under his jaw."

The only symptom of my friend's disease was swollen glands in the neck. "What about his organs? Check them out."

"His organs look OK. Heart, lungs, liver, kidneys . . . . Wait a minute, there's something missing. His bladder. No, his spleen."

A few weeks earlier, my friend had had a spleenectomy.

When Jack came out of his level, his shirt was wringing wet. He slumped back in his chair, panting.

Then Toby went to her laboratory and I gave her my father. A trick. Would she be able to diagnose the high blood pressure he *used* to have before taking Silva Mind Control?

"Heart and blood vessels look fine," Toby said, reviewing his organs.

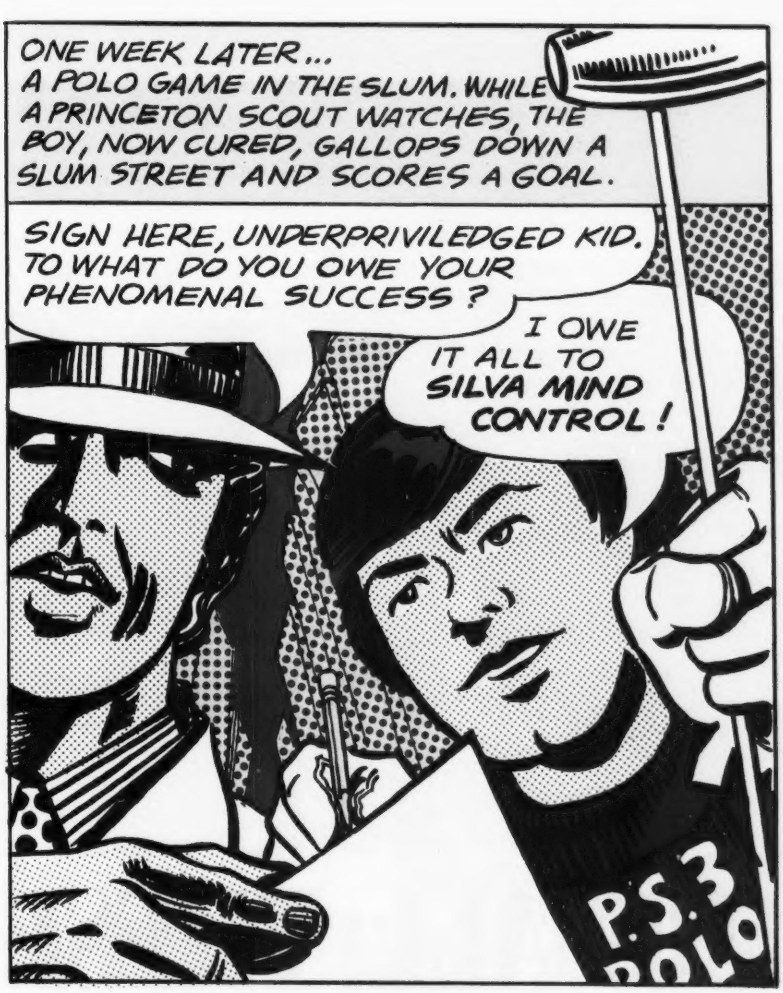
The phrase "organs on parade" popped into my head and I suppressed a laugh. This was ridiculous. Jack had been lucky to get my friend's swollen glands, and Toby had already missed my father's blood pressure. Now she'd probably come up with a bunch of symptoms he *didn't* have. There was nothing else wrong with him.

"I see headaches," Toby announced. My father used to suffer from migraines. I'd forgotten that. "His left ear. It doesn't sound right. It's like a telephone conversation underwater." My father is deaf in his left ear. I'd forgotten that, too.

Toby had rocked the fail-safe I'd been keeping as a last stand for my skepticism. My fail-safe was this: Even if somebody *did* diagnose a subject's illness, it didn't necessarily mean they'd projected themselves into that subject's body. They might have just read the mind of the person sitting across from them. If I was forced to accept *some* psychic phenomenon, I would have much preferred short-range ESP to unlimited-range mental projection. Somehow, ESP seemed saner, more . . . civilized. Projecting oneself into another person's body without them knowing about it sounded like something Nixon would do. But Toby told me things about my father she *couldn't* have read in *my* mind because I'd forgotten them.

Toby was swift and certain with Jack's case, a girl who was recovering from a spinal fusion. Toby saw the vertebrae in question as a rigid bar.

Then it was my turn. I went to my level, my laboratory.


ONE WEEK LATER... A POLO GAME IN THE SLUM. WHILE A PRINCETON SCOUT WATCHES, THE BOY, NOW CURED, GALLOPS DOWN A SLUM STREET AND SCORES A GOAL.
SIGN HERE, UNDERPRIVILEDGED KID. TO WHAT DO YOU OWE YOUR PHENOMENAL SUCCESS ?
I OWE IT ALL TO SILVA MIND CONTROL !
P.S.3 POLO

Jack gave me an Italian name, male, 49 years old, living in Westchester, N.Y. The image of a paper, Halloween skeleton materialized slowly, like it was being beamed aboard the Enterprise on *Star-Trek*.

Sophia pointed to the skeleton's right foot, which had been torn off, then stapled back onto the ankle.

When I reported this bizarre vision, Jack gasped and said, "He broke his ankle at work. They put a pin in it."

Toby gave me a female name, age 62, Miami, Florida. The image of a short, blonde woman with wide hips immediately entered the Nautilus. Toby verified that description. Will and Sophia then performed an antic examination. They danced around the woman, tickled, pinched and slapped her while chattering a steady stream of vile insults. Abruptly, Will and Sophia disappeared. The woman's abdomen also disappeared. In its place was a length of pink neon intestine that flashed angrily. When I said that to Toby, she matter-of-factly replied that the woman was currently hospitalized with diverticulitis, an inflammation of the intestine.

"This is amazing." I could think of nothing else to say.

"Why?" Toby asked. "Pat told us what was going to happen. Weren't you listening?"

In one of Laraine's cases, she saw a man's nose appear and disappear, appear and disappear. The man had skin cancer and his nose had just been grafted.

I still wasn't sure I *believed* in mental projection. Maybe I'd just run out of reasons for *dis*believing it. Anyway, Laraine and I accepted our diplomas.

Over the last few weeks we've continued the meditations. It has become increasingly easy to reach our laboratory, and the sensation of dual consciousness remains extremely pleasant. But the cases . . . .

At first, we did demonstrations at parties. We were a social sensation. Then the ability began to fade. Now, although we are sometimes successful with a case, on other occasions we fail completely: either see nothing, or come up with a dozen fatuous pathologies. But a friend who took Mind Control before us and has gone back periodically for the free refreshers to which all graduates are entitled has remained excellent at even the most difficult cases.

Two weeks ago, Laraine's father suffered an attack of chest pains and was rushed to the hospital with what *appeared* to be a coronary. But when we called our friend from the emergency room, she quickly went "inside" his body and insisted that his heart was fine. The cardiograms and blood tests proved negative. Six days later, he was back at work.

Why did she retain her diagnostic ability while ours has dimmed? Perhaps it's the refresher course. My mind keeps circling back to that lost half-hour in the first conditioning exercise. Could we have learned something then that wears off without constant reinforcement? Or are some people more adept at Mind Control than others? I hope that question will be answered later this year when we return for another psychic fix.

One question I no longer wonder about is the reason for Silva Mind Control's popularity. First, it lacks the spartan rigidity of other disciplines. *Est* requires students to sit through 16- to 20-hour seminars without food or water, without even going to the bathroom. TM insists upon two meditations a day: one in the morning and one before 8:00 p.m. Silva Mind Control doesn't insist upon anything. And it's ideally suited to a recessionary trend. Can't afford the movies? You can always afford your level.

Is it hypnosis? Probably. Is it manipulation? Perhaps. Certainly it's *conceivable* that a day will come when Jose Silva claps his hands and 400,000 zombie-drones snap to attention. But meanwhile, I'm enjoying my new-found mental powers. When I have a problem, I take a ride on the Nautilus, or a stroll on a tropical beach and discuss the matter with Will and Sophia. Their advice is sound, conservative, usually just what I need. Then the three of us "program" a positive result. Incidentally, I still catch them in the act from time to time, but they don't seem to mind, and I *certainly* don't.

Has Mind Control changed my life? It's hard to say. I'm thinking more positively now (Laraine seems to be, too), and good things *appear* to be happening. (While retyping this article, my agent called to tell me she'd sold a three-year-old manuscript I'd given up for dead.) But even when everything goes wrong, I can always close my eyes, take a deap breath and while exhaling, mentally visualize and repeat the number three, three times . . . .

Ahhh. What a day for a daydream.

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The last Republican in Chicago

At a time when things are tough for Republicans all over, no one has had it tougher than John Hoellen, the GOP candidate for mayor who was ground up by the Daley machine this month

By Douglas Bauer

We have come to view the hole. Several reporters, a half dozen people whose professions have something to do with electing Republicans, Senator Charles Percy of Illinois and a very large bald man are moving down a sidewalk toward a narrow, badly mended street on the north side of Chicago to surround a pothole and there to expose its flagrant dangers and the mean neglect that has kept it from repair. One problem, however, threatens.

"Where's the hole?" asks one of the Republican women to a fellow worker. "Have you seen the hole?" She has returned from the street in anticipation of the gathering scene and has not found the offending hole.

A thin layer of hard March snow, the consistency of cat litter, can be partially blamed, but, in all frankness, although one can easily see the swollen ridges and open scars that mark every Chicago street, the eye finds nothing profound enough to deserve a crowd of local media, an important senator and the Republican candidate for mayor of Chicago, who is John Hoellen, the large bald man who is now in the last week of his campaign. And, as Percy, Hoellen and the others are nearing that moment in the day's typed schedule that says, "CP-JH look at hole in street," the two Republican workers are in the street, furiously scraping away the snow with the heels of their shoes, like children digging a kicking tee from a yielding lawn.

"Over here!" the woman shouts, and the group veers left and reaches the spot, staring with contempt at the shallow, freshly swept hole. Television cameras whir and Percy says, hesitantly, as if he's sure of his line but undecided whether to deliver it as farce or outrage, "Look at this hole. Disgraceful."

John Hoellen says, "This is just one indication of what the mayor really thinks of the people of Chicago."

Someone suggests that Percy stand in the hole. He obliges and then laughs and says, "I'm too short. John, you step in." And Hoellen does.

Hoellen had been in over his head from the beginning. As this year's mayoral election approached, the Republican Party had again found itself without hope or a candidate against Chicago Mayor Richard Daley. Then, tardily, from the back rooms, local Republican leaders emerged with smiles and JohnHoellen, acity council alderman and the only Republican they could find who had been elected to anything in Chicago. For many citizens, the news of Hoellen's entrance into the race introduced them to the alderman, who began his conversation with the city by saying, "I'm old and bald and fat and I'm not the best candidate, but it appears I'm the only available one."

He said that he hadn't wished to run but that the reserves of his political loyalties had been touched and, after that, well, he simply couldn't refuse it.

Hoellen lives in the frame house where he was born on the Northwest

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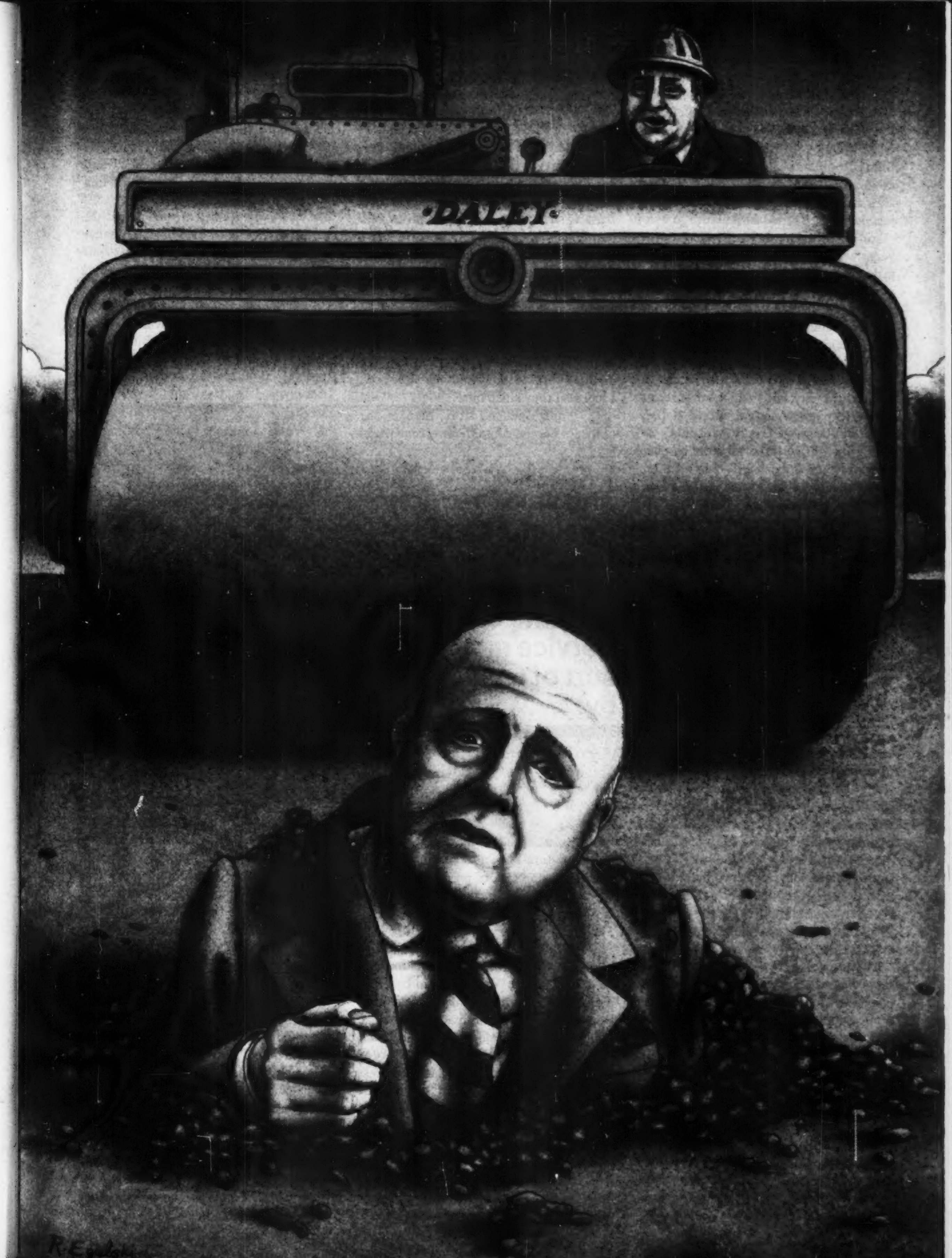
Douglas Bauer, a Chicagoan, last reported for NEW TIMES *on John Maher and Delancey Street.*


DALEY
R. Egulski

Side, and he practices law and tends to banking interests just a few streets away. His 47th Ward is an ethnic salad of working class families, and he was first elected as their alderman in 1948, eight years before Daley became mayor. At that time, Republicans occupied 17 of the council's 50 seats, and he has watched the slow erosion of his party so that during his just-completed term he sat alone.

Being so outmanned, through the years he perhaps assumed that there was little more to do than needle the mayor and invite his ravings. He often succeeded, for instance when he suggested that the giant, brooding Picasso metal bird gracing the civic center be dismantled in favor of a statue of former baseball player Ernie Banks. He also once lamented the city's population of foul and lethargic pigeons and wondered if they might not be given birth control pills.

It's difficult to draw from Hoellen a measure of the sincerity behind these carnival acts, to sense what real distance he might have from the public foolishness. He can be heard giggling proudly as he remembers some vintage Daley fit that he ignited, and then with a change of subject, he'll assume a professor's manner, salting his sentences with Greek allusions.

There is about him, also, the air of shy, conscious inferiority, a kind of rocking, eye-on-your-shoes hesitancy that his will overcomes with loud, non-sequitur bursts.

"All that's needed for evil to triumph is for good men to do nothing!" he will blurt into an empty conversational space.

Hoellen began his campaign while simultaneously running for reelection as alderman, and the Democratic machine, wishing to show the absurdity of his candidacy in its early hours, sent money and smoothly efficient numbers of workers into the 47th Ward to elect a Democrat. Hoellen estimates that they spent $150,000, and they took his 28-year-old aldermanic seat.

He was hurt deeply, and with the same plain honesty that started his campaign, he spoke bitterly of ending it.

"I'm not a credible candidate," he said on the morning after he'd lost his seat, and added, "The two-party system in Chicago is dead." Local leaders once again ushered him briskly behind doors, where they pointed out that city election laws insist that you earn 5 percent of the vote if you are to be recognized as a national party. Again, Republican money and staff was mentioned and again John Hoellen believed that he was hearing honest promises.

"The fight for Chicago has begun!" he shouted, and quickly he found himself fighting quite alone, spending his own money.

But this is in a way fitting, for some of his motivation runs to highly personal revenge. His father, about whom he speaks with a delicate respect, sat as a city council Republican 50 years before, fighting the same outsized battles and taking his defeats badly. In Hoellen's mind, his father was used up by his political life and, he says, "I saw my father wither away to nothing by putting all his energy and a good deal of money into the fight against the machine.

"He was finally defeated and he shortly after had a stroke . . . finally he died, a literal victim of the machine . . . . I feel as if they killed him."

John Hoellen's story, then, is one of losers perceived, faith unreturned, and of taking nourishment from causes so deeply lost as to be barely capable of breath. What is interesting about John Hoellen's urgent, flapping, motorless candidacy is that it gives opportunity to observe efforts applied when an issue and an individual are known to be doomed; it is not unlike the task of an uninspired embalmer who is assigned to make a brutalized corpse "look natural."

"I shook his hand and said, 'I'm John Hoellen,' and the President said, 'I know you are,' and then the Secret Service men just sort of pushed him by. . ."

Soon after he was persuaded to stay with the fight, Hoellen decided that he'd best get to Washington in order to present the shards of his campaign to Republican Party Chairman Mary Louise Smith and to President Ford. He first called a Chicago lawyer named George Burditt, who had run a similarly hopeless race for the U.S. Senate in 1974 against Adlai Stevenson and Richard Nixon, and who had kept firm, accessible connections with the White House. Arrangements were solidified through Donald Rumsfeld, himself a Chicago-area Republican from the precious North Shore suburbs, and Hoellen prepared for his trip.

"Just as the Phoenix rose from the ashes of defeat, I hope we can indeed take wing as we leave for Washington and reach the pinnacle of success," his press release said. He paid for his plane fare, flew with other Republicans in early March to a "leadership conference," and checked into a Washington hotel, tripling up in a room to spread its cost.

Donald Rumsfeld's aides had decided that Hoellen would have a "chance encounter" with the President at some point during the conference's evening banquet, and Hoellen received word of his vague appointment. Late in the afternoon of the decided day, Rumsfeld approached the table of George Burditt and asked if his aides had accommodated Hoellen.

"Yes," said Burditt. "We're supposed to have a brief conversation with the President either before, during or after the banquet."

"That's really not too specific, is it?" said Rumsfeld. "Why don't we nail it down a little better?" And after a quick flurry of consultation, Rumsfeld delegated a young woman from his office to personally shepherd the event. She showed Hoellen to a spot just inside the banquet room door where he should stand against the tall velvet curtains and await the President's entrance.

"Say to him, 'I'm John Hoellen, running for mayor of Chicago,' and he'll respond and then you can have a few seconds of conversation." Hoellen nodded dutifully, and his press aide, the good and faithful Mary, spread word to the Chicago TV film crews who had come to record the high moment for the 10 o'clock news.

As the presidential party neared the room, Hoellen hurried to his spot and waited nervously, like the first usher in a wedding's long reception line. The camera crews claimed territory nearby and Hoellen's smile came up and he held it steady, shifting his weight from foot to foot. The noise level in the room rose to a roar of Republican enthusiasm, and hundreds of people lined up to shake Ford's hand.

And then he was upon them, in the room, his illuminating grin and shining head giving off a high, moving brightness. Hoellen timed his motion, lurched forward with an open hand, and as the cameras began to put the moment on film, he remembered his line.

"Hello, Mr. President!" John Hoellen shouted happily above the noise. "I'm John Hoellen, running for mayor of Chicago." "I know," said Ford, the words coming out of a smile as if he were hoping to become a ventriloquist and talk without moving his lips. Hoellen started to speak the next line, to begin their chance encounter, but before he could form the words, Ford was brushing past him, urged on by the cattle-prodding elbows of Secret Service men, and Hoellen, panicking, shouted, "We sure do need your help in Chicago, Mr. President!" But he was now talking to Ford's rapidly departing back, and the TV cameramen framed it eloquently as Ford moved toward them, smiling fully at new people while one could see behind his shoulder the frantic, bobbing, egg-shaped head of John Hoellen, showing quite a different mood, screaming wildly now for Ford's attentions like some street zealot ranting for Jesus.

And then, with stunning abruptness, it was quiet and Hoellen watched the President move along as distant spots in the reception line grew boisterous and animated. And the cameras stayed cruelly with Hoellen until some local workers rushed to him to ask what had gone wrong and their created huddle blocked him mercifully from view.

A few days later, a Chicago newspaper reporter asked Donald Rumsfeld what had happened to cause so grievous a scene, and Rumsfeld replied that he'd had nothing to do with the arrangements.

"Let's put him on roller skates," the aide said, "and tow him behind a car."

The Hoellen-Percy entourage is driving to a shelter home, an imposing red-brick building with ghostly corroded spires. Waiting for them in the glassed-in outer lobby of the Belden Manor Shelter Home is Mr. Caldwell, its manager, a thin man with dark-rimmed glasses and a soft, exquisitely careful manner. Behind Mr. Caldwell, through the wide glass doors that gain entrance to a large tiled lobby, one can see the home's residents, elderly or mentally retarded, assembled in tightly packed tiers, filling the hall and the steps leading to the second floor.

Percy and Hoellen emerge from their station wagon and walk inside, through the glass doors, and into a sea of joyous, screaming people, hundreds of pairs of frozen, adolescent eyes that have long ago taken on that recognizable look of spilled and frightened energy.

"Senator Percy's here! Senator Percy!" shouts a woman, and races to him to kiss him roughly and tear at his coat. "I *voted* for you Senator Percy! I think you're wonderful."

Hoellen follows in Percy's wake, his large frame swaying back and forth in the pawing, clutching crowd. From somewhere at the top of the stairs a high, thin voice begins to shout again and again: "Senator *Per*-cy. . . Senator *Per*-cy. . . Senator *Per*-cy," as if he were calling his dog for supper.

"This is marvelous," says a thin woman, holding her hands together in prayer. "Go up and tell him how much you love him."

"I see Elvis Presley," says another.

Mr. Caldwell introduces the senator, and Percy in turn introduces Hoellen, adding that he and the candidate have been friends since 1948.

"Isn't that wonderful," says the praying woman. "Mayor Daley never came here. Vote for Senator Percy. He's no Benedict Arnold."

Hoellen shouts that there's an election approaching and asks, "How many of you keep up with the newspapers?"

"There's no newspapers around here," says a resident to himself.

The party moves back through the crowd to a room filled with folding tables where Hoellen holds a press conference. The residents trail behind, smiling with a confused, unspecific glee.

Hoellen says to the press, "I'm proposing today to initiate a council of elders when I become mayor, in order to reenfranchise the senior citizens of Chicago. . . . You know, we used to respect our old people. In fact, the term *senator* means 'old man'. . . ."

A shuffling man wearing a "Mayor Daley's Neighborhood Program" T-shirt tries to join the reporters.

"Get Walter," one of Caldwell's aides says, and the man is led back to his table.

After Hoellen finishes his statement, reporters turn immediately to Percy for his thoughts on an international murder—the assassination of King Faisal—that has occurred just hours earlier. Percy's assistant, a quickly efficient woman named Patrice, has begged reporters all morning: "Please, keep the Faisal questions at the end. This is Hoellen's morning." But they ignore her. Hoellen's press aide sits at a nearby folding table shaking her head and saying, "The king really screwed us. How can you compete with an assassination? His assassin was probably a Daley machine worker."

Percy approaches Walter and says, "I see you have a Mayor Daley shirt on there," and at the mention of the mayor's name the room erupts in exuberant applause. Hoellen seems not to have heard this innocent indiscretion and circulates buoyantly through the room, listening kindly and patiently, locking up the Belden Manor vote. The praying lady drifts ethereally through the crowd saying, "He doesn't know how much happiness he's brought into people's lives." A reporter asks her what she thinks of all this excitement.

"Vote for integrity," she says solemnly. "I recommend Senator Percy for President and Mr. Caldwell for mayor."

Later in the morning Hoellen's press aide, carrying a tape recorder, asks Percy's assistant, "Will you have the senator say a few words endorsing John that I can release to the networks? He doesn't know me from a can of beans."

"Uh," the assistant pauses and

looks toward Percy. "*You* ask him.

They have decided that John Hoellen should march on City Hall.

"We'll need bullhorns," says Joe. "And," he chuckles, "we'll need armbands." Joe works for the Republican National Committee in Washington and has been flown here to direct the loose scraps of Hoellen's campaign.

The purpose of the march, of course, is to obtain news space, but more than that, to walk in wounded anger around City Hall protesting the revelation that the Chicago police force, with Mayor Daley's eager sanction, has been spying on citizens and placing undercover officers in various community groups. Hoellen has seized this development, matched it immediately with the evil of Watergate, and has called it "the ultimate outrage to a free society." His staff has been buying every edition of the *Daily News*, which broke the story, hoping to read of further and more menacing sins. ("It's all we've got, this spy thing. We've got to go with it as long as we can.")

And so, a march. But first, in that gloriously proper Republican tradition, they wish it to be officially approved by the city.

"We need a fife and drum," says another worker. "Oh, that would be marvelous. Call the historical society, say you're from a group interested in the bicentennial, and ask if we can rent a fife and drum. Oh, this will be wonderful."

Everyone nods and smiles enthusiastically, and from a corner of the office, a man from the Republican National Committee who's come from New England and is described as "a specialist in getting out the Polish vote" asks, "Has the President's letter come yet?" He refers to a rumored letter from Washington that might somehow mystically erase all the televised rudeness and fill John Hoellen with remodeled confidence.

"We hear it's being written," he's answered.

"Has it been signed?"

"Uh, no. A small fly in the ointment."

"Does John know about the letter?"

"No," says Maxine, from the R.N.C. "We're saving the news for him."

Now Hoellen walks wearily through the door and drops his bulk into a chair.

"A *Tribune* reporter was on the phone not long ago," he says, "and she wouldn't tell me the results of their survey. I asked her what it showed and she wouldn't say. That indicates we're in a tight race."

"Good," says Mary, his press chief. "That's wonderful."

"Yeah," Hoellen says, staring out the window, and then adds, "Daley's certainly confused at this point. . . . No response yesterday, to the police charges. . . . Not visible today. He's got to be worried now. He must realize there's confusion in the voters' minds, too."

The workers listen in silence to Hoellen and then Maxine says, "We're putting together plans for a march on City Hall, John."

Hoellen looks quizzically at her.

"To protest the spying," she explains.

Hoellen tilts his head back and drums the desk with his fingers. "Well, it must be done compellingly," he says, his voice an irritated whine.

"What has to be done compellingly?" asks Maxine.

"Our polls indicate that there are more than 50 percent undecided," says Hoellen with a gale force of enthusiasm. "We have a real chance"

"*Anything*," he says, more irritated now. "Whether it's a march, or a position paper, or whatever. We have to look like we know what we're doing."

The room falls to a thick, funereal gloom and then Hoellen picks up his phone book, as if it weighs 500 pounds, and leaves to resume his phone calling. No one ends the mood for several seconds, and finally one of the Republican National Committee people says, "John Hoellen. . . is a fool and on Tuesday, thank God, he'll be driven into political oblivion."

Mayor Daley's office issues his schedule of appearances covering the last days before election and newspaper stories note that his activity was less than during an average week.

Hoellen sits patiently in an empty office answering questions from a local reporter who's preparing a profile of him for Sunday editions.

"What I want to know," says the reporter, "is what you *really* want from this campaign."

"Well!" says Hoellen with a gale force of enthusiasm, his round body pitching forward and his big, sad smile brilliant with created confidence, "I want to win! That's what I want. Be not of little faith. . . . Our polls indicate that there are more than 50 percent of the people who are undecided. We have a real chance." He has chosen, for the Sunday papers, to sound foolishly optimistic.

He returns each question with a similar strenuous faith in his voice, a sort of blustering jolliness, as his eyes dart back and forth: "I'm trying to make Chicago safe for democracy. . . . I'm going to plunder the caverns of iniquity in City Hall! . . . I'm a good soldier, that's why I'm running. I'm a politician by chemistry and when the bugle sounds I rise up."

The march has been canceled. It is Monday, shortly before noon, a flamboyant spring day that historically precedes in this merciless climate a month of refrigerated grey weather. The newspapers are filled with no new police-spying stories, and the ominous reality of tomorrow's vote feels almost palpable in the office today.

"Why was the march canceled?" a visitor asks.

"Because the candidate and his advisers wished it," says Maxine, from the Republican National Committee.

"We were asked to preserve his dignity if nothing else," explains another aide.

"They feel John has a bit of an image problem, anyway," adds Mary, his press relations woman. "That of a clown."

A National Committee staffer is on the phone. "John is angry with the President, and he's thinking of suing the Republican Party for $100,000," she says.

"To recover all his debts," Mary says to a reporter. "I think it's a good idea."

The workers have initiated a pool, with a $1 entrance fee, and have submitted on paper slips the percentage of the vote they believe Hoellen will receive. Those entered so far have written: 26 percent, 23 percent, 29 percent ("That's my optimism showing"), and one worker has covered himself above and below, donating $2 and betting 31 percent and 7 percent.

Hoellen appears once more in the office, and there is a kind of silent, scrambling tidying up of appearance and conversation, in the manner of schoolchildren quieting upon the teacher's un-expected return. He sits heavily in a chair and he says, "I saw one of my buttons on a stranger for the first time in Walgreen's just now." He talks of the large, friendly crowds that visited him on Northwest Side streets Saturday morning and says, "If I didn't have a head on my shoulders, I'd say we were heading into a victory tomorrow." He rests for a few minutes and then rises and heads for the street to say hello to workers boarding rush-hour trains.

"Oh, it's just too sad," says Mary. "I love him."

"If you say that one more time," says an R.N.C. aide, laughing sardonically, "I'll hit you in the face. John Hoellen is one of the turkeys of the age."

"Don't say that," winces Mary.

Hoellen concedes defeat as his wife listens.

"Where will John be tomorrow?"

"In his home ward, passing out cookies to all the precincts."

"Let's put him on roller skates and tow him behind a car," says an R.N.C. man, and there is in the room a rinsing, releasing laughter and perhaps not a little defensive psychology working in the minds of these imported technicians—they want it clearly known that they are in no way to be sympathetically associated with such a woefully foredoomed enterprise.

A Republican official friendly to the national staff walks into the room and is greeted warmly. One of the R.N.C. people says to him, "The march is off. You should have heard it. He wanted nothing controversial to occur during the last few days, nothing to rock the boat. A poll that claims there are 52 percent undecided and one of them looked me right in the eye and said, 'We're in a *tight* race here'. . . . I mean it's Disneyland."

Election day. On the basis of absentee ballots cast and the arcane formula applied to them, the election board believes this will be the lightest turnout for a mayoral election since 1951. A grim prediction for Hoellen, for Daley's machine would manufacture its vote in an epic monsoon. The day is not that, only morosely cloudy, as is Mary, Hoellen's press aide.

"Hi," says a reporter, entering the Republican offices. "What's going on?"

"John will concede at 8:00 o'clock tonight," she says matter-of-factly. "I'm going to spend the day writing his speech."

Late in the afternoon, an air mail special delivery letter arrives from the White House. It's dated March 28, but is postmarked March 31—days that flank the weekend, which probably means that the treasured letter lay in the outbox of some administrative lackey who had made it his last easy piece of paperwork before driving home to the wife and kids in Maryland Friday night.

The final paragraph of the letter begins: "It was good to see you again briefly in Washington. . . ." and that blithely insensitive line provokes one and all, not the least of whom is Mary, who had flown to Washington to take the reception-line humiliation with Hoellen. "It's so tacky," she says. "Ford stepped on my foot when he was walking through the line that night, so I should have known. I've met a lot of presidents, but he's the only one who's ever stepped on my foot. . . ."

Shortly after 6:00 p.m., liquor and handsome plates of meats and cheese arrive, and someone expresses some surprise that the ragged and orphaned Hoellen campaign could fund such a spread. But, Republicans being to the end Republicans, they have resourcefully found a way to look fine and generous and wear nice clothes in their leanest hours.

At 8:00 o'clock, Mary enters the press room with a purposeful stride, saying, "Please make way for John Hoellen." Hoellen follows, walking through much applause, his bright red face bobbing above the other heads and his sad, forced open-mouthed smile working as hard as he can make it.

"We have fought the good fight and we have lost," he says, and ends with: "I'm now going to ride off into the political sunset." More applause as he sways back out the door and into the quiet inner office to say goodby to the Republican National Committee workers.

"I'll be sure to send a letter to Mary Louise Smith, thanking her for all your help," he says in a strained voice.

"That would be very nice, John," says one of them with matching restraint. "This was certainly a learning experience for us, too."

Hoellen leaves the office and mingles for a time, talking with a young reporter who'd been with him the night he met President Ford, and with workers who'd carried his signs and distributed his brochures on Loop streets.

"Look at my great letter from the White House," he says sarcastically, releasing for the first time publicly some uncovered bitterness.

"Look at this," he says again, pointing to the hurried, special-delivery stamps on its envelope.

After a few more minutes, he seems to suddenly realize that he's through with this, and he finds his wife and his wrinkled, camel-colored coat, and after a quickly thrown wave to the room, they leave.

The following day's papers carry the bleak arithmetic:

Richard Daley	542,817
John Hoellen	139,335

Daley's last election, for which he did not work, is his most decisive. But nearly 20 percent of those who chose to vote requested John Hoellen for mayor, and the Republican Party in Chicago remains, legally, alive. ●

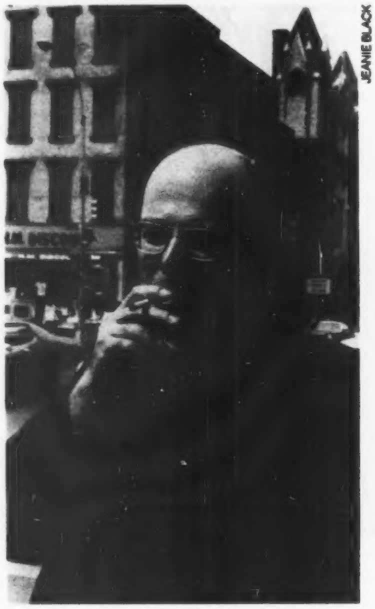
MOVIES

Matters of justice

By Frank Rich

During the first week of this month, as we woke up to discover that America's Dien Bien Phu was at hand in Vietnam, I spent the better part of a day in an airless room in New York City watching a film that at once sums up this searing historical moment and looks beyond it—a film that bridges the gap between the inevitable conclusion of an ugly war and the next chapter ahead, that postwar epilogue that is finally ours to make of what we will. The film is called **The Memory of Justice**, and it is the latest documentary by Marcel Ophuls, the filmmaker whose 1971 documentary about Vichy France, *The Sorrow and the Pity,* is a classic against which all nonfiction cinema must be measured. Like *Sorrow, Memory* is a four-and-a-half-hour long exploration of the legacy of World War II, but it has its own special focus. Ophuls' new film is about the war crimes trials at Nuremberg, about how the justice dispensed there holds up against the test of time and how the legal and moral principles established then might be of value to us now. Ophuls doesn't have glib answers to these questions—his movie is rich in contradictions, difficult nuances, anguish and doubt—and he constructs his argument with a scrupulous and painstaking respect for all permutations of the truth. By the time the film was over, I was bleary-eyed with exhaustion, but also peculiarly high—as if suddenly past, present and future had become a continuum, as if I had learned for the first time how to swim with the currents of history, how to see events extending beyond my years clearly and see them whole.

Unfortunately, my pleasure in recounting the experience of seeing this remarkable film is tempered sorely by my knowledge that, as I sit here writing about it, the odds are that this movie will be lost forever to the public. After a series of conflicts of a kind that are endemic to relationships between showbiz hustlers and artists who have the gall to insist on creative autonomy, *Memory* has been taken out of Ophuls' hands by its London-based producers, David Puttnam and Sanford Lieberson, and turned over to a German director who is now recutting Ophuls' original, finished print. The break between the director and the money men came last December when Ophuls, long engaged in an acrimonious debate with Puttnam and Lieberson over the aesthetic, political and commercial worthiness of his film, stormed out of a meeting at the Ritz Hotel bar in London after the producers announced their intention to recut the film for the American market.


JEANIE BLACK

Director Marcel Ophuls in New York: reliving one of the movie industry's classic horror stories.

The producers decided to interpret Ophuls' walkout as a decision to walk off the film entirely, and, since that time, the new version of *Memory* has been readied for submission to the BBC and the German co-producer, Polytel, who hold European options on the project, as well as for potential American distributors. While Ophuls may ultimately prove that the producers had created a pretext to get rid of him so that they could then recut the picture to their own tastes, his rights under British law are ambiguous enough to allow Puttnam and Lieberson to distribute their version of *Memory* while litigation unfolds. In the end, if Ophuls were to "win" his case, the victory might be a Pyrrhic one—the recut movie would be in distribution (without a director's credit), his own cut would be doomed to oblivion, and he would gain only financial restitution.

The circumstances under which I and several other film critics saw Ophuls' version of the film in New York this month were extraordinary. A work print of his final cut of *Memory* had been brought into this country unbeknownst to either Ophuls or the picture's producers and was made available to us by an Ophuls rooter who wished to get the story of the director's plight out in the open. The picture was shown on an editing machine that projects the image on a screen about the size of a 15" television set. It was the worst possible conditions under which to watch a film, especially one of this length, and yet even without benefit of color (which, for economy's sake, is duplicated in black-and-white in a work print), even with a manually improvised sound mix and 20-minute breaks in continuity as reels were changed, *Memory* is a riveting piece of work. The film blends old newsreels, "March of Time" shorts and National Archives footage of Nuremberg with a continuing dialogue that Ophuls has constructed from interviews with, among many others, repentent (Albert Speer) and unrepentent (Karl Dönitz) Nazi criminals, ordinary Germans who lived through the war and those who did not, Nuremberg prosecutors (Telford Taylor, Sir Hartley Shawcross, Edgar Faure) and defense lawyers, the first Jewish artist to play Germany after the war (Yehudi Menuhin), an Auschwitz survivor who testified at Nuremberg (French communist deputy Marie Claude Vaillant-Couturier), Daniel Ellsberg, Richard Falk, John Kenneth Galbraith, 1974 New York Conservative senatorial candidate (and Vietnam widow) Barbara Keating, Col. Anthony Herbert, white- and blue-collar parents of American GIs killed in Vietnam, Robert Jay Lifton, Dr. Howard Levy, a French paratrooper who served in Algeria and an American Army deserter. Ophuls captures the tone of "deNazified" Germany, where bigwig Nazi industrialists went on to make fabulous fortunes during rearmament; we hear an Army pal of Kurt Vonnegut recall the Allied horrors of the bombing of Dresden and hear Faure and Shawcross try to defend the Allied powers' actions in Algeria and Vietnam within the context of principles they themselves had helped develop at Nuremberg; we watch Speer's home movies of his Nazi salad days and listen to him explain how he charmed his way into a relatively light sentence for his war crimes; we even hear the wonderfully wise U.S. Army shrink, G.M. Gilbert, speak with some fondness of the biting sense of humor exhibited by Hermann Goering as he underwent his trial. Throughout *Memory*, Orphuls uses his material to weigh Nuremberg both morally and pragmatically; he seeks to learn not only whether Americans were right to administer justice to a vanquished enemy, but also how fair that justice was—were the right people punished for the right reasons and, if so, were they punished effectively?

Ophuls covers a large plot of historical ground, but he does not go in for fancy crosscutting that might allow him to affect sensationalized strokes of irony; he instead chooses to let the material breathe and let his interviewees, as the director himself puts it, "quit being caricatures and symbols and become people." As the movie progresses, Ophuls gradually winnows down the arguments and data until a point of view emerges—one that says that for all its faults, Nuremberg is still a model that can serve for war crimes proceedings, that the creators and practitioners of a Vietnam or an Algeria policy must be held individually accountable for their actions according to the precepts of international law rather than be lumped together for extralegal condemnation by the public and the press. For that reason, it is Telford Taylor—the moderate Army general who did his job in Nuremberg, even though he doubted his own moral right to sit in judgment on a defeated enemy—who becomes the film's principal spokesman for Ophuls' belief in the impossibility of judgment on the one hand and the necessity for it on the other. It is also for this reason that the director doesn't engage in juxtaposing images of, say, Hitler and LBJ—for to do that would be to prosecute by propaganda rather than by a trial in a court of law.

As was the case with *The Sorrow and the Pity*, *The Memory of Justice* finds its shape as a film as it goes along. Its style reflects the density and complexity of the issues Ophuls deals with, and the movie becomes more and more serene as the director's own judgments begin to crystallize. What makes both *Sorrow* and *Memory* so exciting is our sense that we are reliving the filmmaker's own process of investigation and synthesis; these movies generate that same exhilaration of discovery and revelation that we associate with the best fiction films. The difference between a movie like *Memory* and a documentary like Peter Davis' *Hearts and Minds*—in which material is plugged into the film manipulatively to support a predetermined and unambiguous polemical line (one supporting collective rather than individual guilt)—is roughly like the difference between *Crime and Punishment* and *Uncle Tom's Cabin*. But it may be Ophuls' refusal to go in for slam-bang and undoubtedly commercial moral analogies that generated his ouster by the producers of *The Memory of Justice*.

Telford Taylor, *Memory's* star witness.

During an afternoon interview I had with Ophuls (who is a guest professor at Princeton University this year) a few days after seeing his film, he talked in an intense rush about the kind of movie he's made and the misery he has suffered since December. "Film must be left open to shifting emphasis," he said. "That is the ransom you have to pay for a film that is alive. . . . I am not into moral relativism. In the end my film is more a pro than a con Nuremberg film, and that's what I think the producers are bitching about. . . . They have an ingrained interest in purposely confusing righteousness and self-righteousness. They accuse someone of being a bore who refuses their basic premise that the world and history is a succession of shit and that therefore Auschwitz, Watergate, Algeria, Vietnam, the Crusades and everything else are all the same, and that the only realistic attitude is a cynical attitude. . . ." Ophuls believes, as his film communicates, that the distinctions between historical events—or the distinctions among war crimes and war criminals—are there to be made and must be made. "This will to make distinctions and make them to the day of our death," he says, "is the price we have to pay for belonging to the human race. That and a sense of humor are the only ramparts against Big Brother."

Now a wiry man of 47 who lives mainly in Europe, Ophuls spent much of his youth in California, where his filmmaker father Max retreated from Germany when Hitler came to power; he retains a witty, Hollywood-seasoned perspective on the insanities of the business in which he must operate. "I do not consider the commissioning of a film of mine to be an act of charity or manna from heaven," he says. "I do not spend the next year and a half thanking [the producers]. The considerable risk they take in putting up money does not entitle them to buy their way into creative filmmaking or entitle them to gratitude. I do not give them the impression that this is so for one second, because I think this would be bad for their character." He punctuates the sentence with a husky, eyebrow-raising laugh, but, throughout our conversation, he expressed a touch of desperation and uneasiness about the role circumstances have forced him to play. He says that his tendency to go public "is not very great—it's the court of last resort for me"—but by going public, Ophuls might create a demand for his version of the picture and force the producers, out of economic self-interest, to market the original. ". . . Like Cukor," Ophuls goes on, "I believe in survival. Being fired from *Gone with the Wind* was not the end of the earth for him, and my healthiest and natural inclination is to go to the next job. . . . But the case here is so special that if I were that passive I would not have a chance to go to the next job. . . . I'm leaving Puttnam and Lieberson totally in control of my reputation. They're coming out with a film that, if it does not go well, they can say, well, we tried to save it—you should have seen how boring it was before; if it succeeds they can say, well, we saved it. They're trying to have it both ways. . . ."

As Ophuls and I sat and talked, Southeast Asia was falling like a house of cards; the President, in a news conference, was inviting Americans to start determining whom they would like to blame for the nation's greatest modern fiasco. Given this press of events, *The Memory of Justice* seems an essential film for this junction in our national destiny. But even if Ophuls had made a sex comedy, the point would hold: through his talent, he has earned the right to make his movies the way he wants to make them and to have them put before the public in the form of his design. There's no way that his picture can be recut by other hands and remain his film: the fabric of Ophuls' film (like the fabric of a novel or painting or musical composition) is what gives the work its identity and power; to rearrange its elements is to destroy it—and the history of film is littered with movies that have been lost in this way. How cruel it is that, after spending a year and a half trying to determine the meaning of justice, Marcel Ophuls should now have to run around frantically trying to obtain some justice of his own.

Swiss director Alain Tanner (*La Salamandre*) has constructed his new film, **The Middle of the World** (*Le Milieu du Monde*), with such sure-footed skill and intelligence that one feels like something of a jerk to point out that the ultimate product of his labors is, at heart, a bit of a bore. While there's nothing not to like in this film—it doesn't contain a single false, incompetent or jarring note—there isn't, I'm afraid, all that much to go nuts about, either. Certainly one can admire *Middle* for its profound aesthetic dexterity, but one admires it as one might a perfect mathematical equation—from a great and very impersonal distance.

The movie's screenplay, which is the work of the director and British novelist-art critic John Berger, is about a doomed love affair between a young, married Swiss technocrat running for Parliament and an immigrant Italian waitress who works at a local railway-station inn. Tanner has a passion for putting down the stultifying quality of life in small Swiss towns and it is the sociological components of the film's environment, as well as the conflicting socio-cultural backgrounds of the protagonists themselves, that cement the story's inevitably unhappy ending. Much to their credit, the filmmakers avoid all the sentimental clichés and bittersweet affectations that their wrong-side-of-the-tracks romance gives them a clear license to exploit. But they may have been too hard-headed: in their desire to approach the tragedy of Paul (Philippe Léotard) and Adriana (Olimpia Carlisi) as intellectually as possible, Tanner and Berger have locked the movie into a rigorous form that robs its central human relationship of spontaneity. Without that spontaneity, the emotional electricity generated by the lovers is as dim as that of the sterile society against which their passion is meant to stand in stark and pointed contrast.

Léotard and Carlisi in Tanner's *Middle of the World*: too hard-headed.

The film's title says pretty much what the film is about, and it also gets at where the filmmakers have gone off the track. The town where the action takes place literally straddles the middle of the world—it's on a watershed divide—and as the local river flows both to the Mediterranean and the North Sea, so the Latin-prole Adriana and the Swiss-bourgeois Paul will never be able to reconcile the polarities they represent. That's a decent enough unifying image for a film, but Tanner and Berger rein their movie in by tailoring most of the action to fit their metaphor. Besides crosscutting between Paul's and Adriana's antithetical daily routines (we go from the economic double-talk of Paul's political meetings to the financial proclivities of Adriana's world of drudgery and tips, and so on), the director also cuts constantly to the landscape of the divide itself—revealing it as wintry-grey or summery-yellow, according to the ups and downs of the couple's affair. When the lovers go to an inn to eat, it is divided into sections for rich and poor; there are shots of trains passing each other as they head north and south; car radios speak incessantly of détente between Russia and the U.S. This is the exact opposite of the way the film should work—the metaphor should grow out of the material, rather than vice versa—and after a certain point a sense of inevitability sets in. We know that the one "middle" where Paul and Adriana can meet and normalize their relationship—that is, sex—cannot bring them into a lasting equilibrium over the long haul. We know that Paul will never abandon his most essential capitalist prerogatives and that Adriana is too class-conscious to succumb to the life-style of appliances, fancy hotel rooms and homemaking that Paul wants her to adopt as her own. Lest we not understand the political subtext of it all, Adriana eventually chooses to work in a factory—where the manager speaks to his underlings in the identical bureaucratic lingo we've heard Paul use at his plant earlier in the film.

That Tanner maintains such control over his film is a testimony to his mastery of his craft and his rightful sense of a filmmaker's duty to make choices. An early shot of his camera crew at work, the use of voice-over narration and the rigid editing are all there to remind us that we are watching a film that gives us a director's vision of his chosen patch of universe rather than an "objective" narrative. The trouble is that Tanner's vision is too diagrammatic and clammy; he's as omnipotent a director as a Bergman or a Fassbinder, but that omnipotence serves a conventional brand of social criticism and an overly anal sense of form. Despite the attractiveness of some of the shooting—Adriana's naked body, as arranged in the darkness of her rented room, is as pleasingly abstract as a fauvist still life—*The Middle of the World* never becomes larger than the sum of its parts. By so diligently juxtaposing the opposing forces along his cultural divide, the director ultimately normalizes those tensions with the same technocratic expertise he condemns in his hero; Tanner has made a film about the dynamics of social and emotional conflict in a style that, paradoxically enough, communicates the very essence of rationality and calm.

The movie musicals of director Jacques Demy and songwriter Michel Legrand are the cinema's closest equivalent to cotton candy, and these days, when meat and potatoes are in vogue, there may be no room in the marketplace for a picture like their latest effort, **Donkey Skin** (*Peau d'ane*). I hope that doesn't prove to be the case, for *Donkey Skin* is quite the best work this pair has ever done. Unlike *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (which drove me out of the theater in 45 minutes—I have an advanced case of cultural diabetes) and *Les Demoiselles de Rochefort* (identical to *Cherbourg*, though redeemed by two savvy American song-and-dance men, Gene Kelly and Grover Dale), the new Demy-Legrand film unfolds not in a modern French town but in a medieval storybook land of enchanted forests, wintergreen trees and extravagantly baroque chateaux. *Donkey Skin* has been adapted from a Charles Perrault fairy tale, and that turns out to make all the difference in the world: what was cloying and sweet in the industrialized context of the earlier Demy-Legrand films sits very nicely on this Cinderella-like tale of a prince (Jacques Perrin) who slowly but surely tracks down the love of his life, a princess hiding in his kingdom in disguise as a scullion.

Most of *Donkey*'s other elements should be familiar to audiences who've seen one of the other Demy musicals, but they take on new life here. The director's affection for technicolor pastels is given the room to run riot this time, and he's conjured up some of his loveliest conceits: a palace where the royal costumes, furniture, servants' faces and even horses are all painted the same shade of delicious royal blue; a funeral cortege in which a dead queen is carried in a plastic bubble through an idyllic snowstorm; a magical wardrobe for star Catherine Deneuve that allows her to wear gowns the color of the sun, the moon and even the "weather" (the latter being a sky-blue garment across which cumulus clouds perpetually drift). Of course Deneuve is as radiant as most any celestial body in the solar system even without benefit of a court couturier; given these fantastical getups and the uncharacteristically innocent demeanor she brings to her roles in Demy musicals, she becomes a specter of perfect human grace.

As for Legrand's score, it's virtually identical to its predecessors; there's a recurring ballad à la *Cherbourg*'s "I Will Wait for You" and a lot of interchangeable numbers with conversational lyrics and skittish melodies that recapitulate the worst in '60s' French pop music. The songs are tolerable, but not much more than that. I was also troubled by the breakdown in internal logic during the movie's conclusion (the prince discovers the location of the princess, so why doesn't he just grab her?) and by the inexcusable appearance of a 20th-century helicopter for a cheap gag during the climactic wedding sequence. But up until the last quarter-hour, *Donkey Skin* should be completely captivating to anyone who will allow himself to be suckered in by white-horsed carriages, clear and babbling brooks and fairy godmothers (Deneuve's is Delphine Seyrig, and who can ask for anything more?). Though there's a slight glimmer of incest in the early stages of the plot, this movie is also a natural for kids: *Donkey Skin* is precisely the film that *The Little Prince* should have been, and any child who is too cynical to enjoy it might as well be auctioned off to the gypsies forthwith.

MUSIC

Swift but ladylike belts

By Janet Maslin

The country influence on male pop musicians has been readily apparent in recent years: California cowboys, mostly of the greenhorn-tenderfoot variety, have been hard at work trying to synthesize the perfect musical equivalent to the Frye boot. Their efforts tend to be overly antiseptic, and accusations of listlessness prevail. But it really should be noted, to these male performers' relative credit, that women who affect country mannerisms tend to be infinitely less appetizing.

Consider, for one grisly moment, Olivia Newton-John and her accomplishments. For her recorded work of 1974 she received approximately four more Grammies than were warranted, and she also earned both the Country Music Association's Performer of the Year citation and the ire of that outfit's most prominent members. (Tammy Wynette, along with several others, helped organize a rival group to protest the winner's illegitimacy.) Despite the steel guitar strains in many of her arrangements, Newton-John's wispy, sugary style is strictly pick-to-click; however, her manner is sufficiently weak-kneed to both burlesque and reveal a profound misunderstanding of the female country singer's basic persona. That's what makes her so annoying: she takes the kick-me lyrics at face value, without realizing that great country delivery also implies the capacity for eternally dignified endurance, and sometimes even the potential for offering a swift but ladylike belt by way of counterattack. Tammy Wynette is nothing if not indomitable.

Newton-John's fluke success notwithstanding, a certain modicum of grit is pretty much de rigueur for female singers these days. However, the kind of overt belligerence that male singers can get away with (remember Rod Stewart's congenial instructions to his plain-Jane groupie—"Sit down! Get up! Get out!"— in "Stay With Me"?) is hardly the sort of thing upon which a woman could expect to build a commercial career. The trick is to somehow balance the aggression with enough seductiveness to render it non-threatening, all the while bearing in mind how unappealing mere flirtation for its own sake can be. The seductiveness need not be strictly sexual, either; Carole King compensates for her strident voice and insistent manner by radiating what feels like ingenuous motherly love.

Janis Joplin was often photographed looking bereft, depressed and abandoned, and it was a well-known non-fact that, for all her wailing and boozing, what she really needed was one good man. Joni Mitchell sounds headstrong yet flaunts her vulnerability by, on the evidence of her material and the gossip columns, falling in love anew on a biweekly basis. Cher cranked out a string of supremely calculated hits by blending her harsh, accusatory voice with who-could-fail-to-sympathize tales of racism and abuse. Bonnie Raitt has a fragility that she emphasizes backhandedly by trying to ignore it. Maria Muldaur *is* laughing at you, but not so loudly that you still wouldn't like to feel her leg. Laura Nyro, in her heyday as pop's High Priestess of Hysteria, belittled and berated men while she wallowed in a Woman-As-Otherliness so murky it would have given D.H. Lawrence pause, but her very frenzy over mysterious fig-

The Deadly Nightshade, performing on International Women's Day.

PETER M LERMAN

ures like "Captain Saint Lucifer" emphasized the dependency. Linda Ronstadt can sound uncompromisingly ballsy but, as adoring male reporters are so fond of pointing out, she looks kittenish and cute; that, presumably, nullifies the menace. Gladys Knight can be even more blistering, but it's usually a passionate commitment to some man that has driven her to such wild extremes. And as for Helen "I am Woman, hear me roar" Reddy, she undermines her no-nonsense, no-makeup stance by indulging in so much clichéd pizzazz that one seldom knows or cares what she's singing about. That Reddy should have had a hit called "Emotion" was one of the greater ironies provided by *Billboard's* charts in recent months.

For every established woman singer who has learned to simultaneously unleash and tone down her aggressiveness, there are scores of newcomers and also-rans hard at work effecting salable compromises. Emmylou Harris, Wendy Waldman and a trio called the Deadly Nightshade are all in the nascent stages of their careers, and none of them has yet hit a durable stride. Right now, though, they are more interesting from a strategic point of view than a musical one, since in each case belligerence (or lack of same) is the crux of the problem.

Emmylou Harris is not without her natural resources; the voice, if stripped of affectation, would probably be quite pretty though none too strong. Singing in a country idiom, she would perhaps radiate a certain quiet dignity, though it might prove quiet enough to go unnoticed. But Harris' solo debut (she has been singing accompaniments, notably with the late Gram Parsons, for some time) shows her to be not just derivative (her tone apes Muldaur's, her phrasing recalls Ronstadt's) but also suffering from acute strain of the spine. This latter disability is perhaps attributable to too much bending over backwards, since the singer's passivity is here presented as her most outstanding quality; even in its livelier moments, Harris' *Pieces of the Sky* (Reprise) emphasizes her fragility by camouflaging whatever innate vitality she may have. With its insistent quaver, its determined delicacy, the album comes across as one long, bravely stifled sob, and as such it is dishonest and dull. Harris' sentimentality needs to be leavened by at least a minimal show of spunk, the kind she has often demonstrated before. For the time being, though, she clings to a guise of abject submissiveness that's too one-dimensional to really tease and yet too mannered to be convincing. She does herself a considerable injustice by deliberately constricting her emotional range.

Submissiveness is hardly Wendy Waldman's problem, or her forte: Waldman's early albums, particularly her second, indulged in enough shrieks and yips to wake the dead. Though Waldman's best songs are original enough to withstand comparisons to anyone else's, her early vocal style was Nyro-and-then-some, employing many of her predecessor's excesses while conveying none of the intensity that might have justified them. At her worst, Waldman could sound bitchy and bullying; in "My Name Is Love" she stalked her romantic prey with the single-mindedness of a big game hunter and the grace of a tractor. But on *Wendy Waldman* (Warner Brothers), her third and slickest go-round, she takes a drastic swing in the opposite direction, affecting a bland prettiness that is wholly undermined by the memory of her previous fever. Waldman's singing will doubtless catch up with her songwriting eventually, but for the time being she deals in implausible extremes; through all her turns as a wildcat, witch, temptress and (now, suddenly) moderately sexy good sport, no consistent personality has emerged. Waldman's groping for some appropriate style of self-expression is, at least thus far, the most striking aspect of her music.

Produced by Felix Cavaliere, *The Deadly Nightshade* (Phantom) is the first women's band to explore feminist attitudes with a sense of humor. At their best, they sing well and can be very clever: in "Something Blue," a song about a wedding, the title refers to the bride ("This is my big day, and I know I should be happy . . ."). In "Losin' At Love," the singer wanders into her boyfriend's poker game, draws three aces, senses a certain tension ("Then he says 'I'll see ya and I'll raise ya ten'/Which means that if I win he'll never see me again"), and has to make a quick decision. And in "Dance, Mr. Big, Dance," a former secretary interviews her former boss for a job, asking if he can type or file, complaining that his clothes aren't tight enough and musing: "You're so cute when you're mad/You're so cute when you laugh/You'll be worth every cent of your dollar and a half."

Given the potential abrasiveness of their best material, the group's delivery is amazingly light, and yet never dismissive; half the songs here attack a difficult subject with innovative ease. The problem is that they seem to have felt obligated to play it straight throughout the other half, singing about how "we all got music and it's all we need" in a tone reminiscent of ads for clean makeup or herbal shampoo. These three women aren't nearly as skilled as they are inventive—not yet, anyway—and thus far music suits them better as a forum than an artistic milieu. But still, for a first album theirs is exceptionally purposeful, an uncommonly shrewd yet straightforward expression of feminine forcefulness.

BOOKS

Pitiless folly

By Geoffrey Wolff

Dog Soldiers *by Robert Stone.* Houghton Mifflin (342 pp., $8.95).

Dog Soldiers has a plot, the kind that thickens. John Converse, a hapless American stringer for a couple of third-rate newspapers, buys three kilos of pure heroin in Saigon from a Vietnamese colonel just before his return home to California. He arranges to have it taken to San Francisco to his wife, Marge, by a kind of friend, Ray Hicks, an ex-Marine and psychopath. The plan screws up; Hicks and Marge are discovered during their transaction by a pair of sadistic "regulatory agents," who want to deal the scag themselves. Hicks and Marge escape together, with the heroin, to Los Angeles, where Hicks tries to peddle it to a movie actor locked in with gangsters. That deal also breaks apart, and Hicks kills with a heroin overdose a sappy writer eager to do drugs in order to gild his prose with verisimilitude. Hicks and Marge, pursued by the regulatory agents and their prisoner—Converse, whom they have tortured—make a run for the desert, where they hole up on a mountain with a Wise Man who is part Ken Kesey, part Tim Leary, a Doctor Dope gone sour on dope. A savage fire-fight follows, a confused Vietnamese-style bloodletting. Many die.

Laid out this naked way it sounds silly, *Zabriskie Point* silly, a bid to hit a two-cherry jackpot, nothing maximum mind you, in the literary marketplace. Vietnam, drugs, the counterculture, sadism, zapalongs, the whole schnitzel, all bases touched, none inhabited. That's what the plot conveys, but *Dog Soldiers* is instead a grim marvel, not at all titillating but repugnant and beautiful, shining like a black pearl, like a pearl the product of an organic irritation. Stone is utterly persuasive in his particulars, his details and his characters, and each character has his own integrity and singularity; no one stands for anyone else. I won't take responsibility for Converse, or for Hicks, and neither should you or that poor put-upon bastard Everyman. The regulatory agents may serve the State, but they don't stand for it. They are psychotics, each different from the other, and their director is a gangster moved not by bad, wasting times but by simple greed.

But what gives the book its friction, and odd power, is the hunger of most of its characters to deny their singularity: each wants to lay off his miserable, cruel performance onto circumstances, or Fate, or The Age. Each tries to forgive himself for his acts by invoking the litany *everybody does it,* Society—not I—is the killer. *Dog Soldiers* is designed as a demonstration of personal responsibility (and by the way as an entertainment), without preachments or personifications. And to take the matter head-on, each character is made responsible for actions committed in almost overwhelmingly powerful fields of force—Vietnam, the underworld—where free will would least likely be enjoyed.

JILL KREMENTZ

Stone: lessons for a murderous age.

John Converse is called by his heroin connection in Saigon "the world's most frightened man." In Cambodia, during an air attack on South Vietnamese troops by the South Vietnamese air force, he wept from fear. Afterwards, preferring to play the live dog rather than the dead lion, he learned that anything can waste a life, and might, at any moment, for no reason at all: "Existence was a trap; the testy patience of things as they are might be exhausted at any moment." He decides to trade heroin for no very good reason, just to do something, not for the money ($40,000 against an investment of $10,000), or not much for the money; everyone seemed to have an angle: "What a feckless and disorderly person he was. How much at the mercy of events." When it goes to shit he says, "I've been waiting my whole life to fuck up like this," not without a touch of pride. "Character is fate," he adds, right on the button, so it is.

Ray Hicks acts out Society's movie ideal of the free man, the loner, quick to take offense, tetchy, tetched, fun to fear. As a guerrilla sniping at the crowd, he apprehends himself as run by the crowd, insofar as its values, its ethical systems, *must* be repudiated by him. Even so, the counterculture is trapped in the inevitability, the prison, of its opposition. Hicks takes a stand for Marge, who hooks herself on scag. She, too, lives only to react against the data she receives from Out There: "Us against them, she thought. Me against them. Not unlike sexual desire. The quickening of that sense brought her into other rooms and she flashed the mooches' fingers laboring over their damp half-erections, burrowing in the moldy subsoil of their trousers like arachnids on a decomposing log."

The images and transactions of *Dog Soldiers* are as delicately detailed and as fantastical as a masturbator's imaginary stills and movies, and like the masturbator's fantasies, they are obliged to conform with the possible. Of course, killers *are* everywhere, no story is too awful to be true. Converse remembers a story about montagnards tying up a missionary in a mountain shelter, fixing a rat in a cage to his head, letting the rat starve till it ate its way into the missionary's brains. One of the regulatory agents who tortures Converse tells him between times about a dream he had: He has kidnapped a man, but the man has escaped. He threatens the man's family anyway, saying that if they fail to pay a ransom, he'll cut off his victim's ear. They don't pay, so he cuts off his own ear, sends it to them: "It doesn't work. I got to cut more of myself off. They still don't pay up. I got to cut myself all into strips and mail it all to his folks."

The images and episodes of death and dismemberment multiply. People cut, shoot, scald, beat one another. Vomit comes as naturally as breath, or blood. Converse, before leaving for Vietnam, wrote for a harum-scarum rag called Nightbeat such sto-

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Till I got the drift of *Dog Soldiers* I thought it was another exercise in exculpation, and that Vietnam was the fall guy. What can you expect from a country like America that trained porpoises to kill Vietcong sappers and divers? A lot, as it turns out. "You hear stories over there," Converse said. "They say everybody does it. Being there fucks up your perspective." But there are boundaries even there. American helicopters went hunting elephants, because the elephants were believed to smuggle arms for the Vietcong. (Maybe it was so?) "The Great Elephant Zap had been too much and had disgusted everyone . . . . There was a feeling that there were limits."

The epigraph for *Dog Soldiers* is from Conrad's *Heart of Darkness*, a wonderful, furious passage: "I've seen the devil of violence and the devil of greed and the devil of hot desire; but, by all the stars! these were strong, lusty, red-eyed devils that swayed and drove men—men, I tell you. But as I stood on that hillside, I foresaw that in the blinding sunshine of that land, I would become acquainted with a flabby, pretending weak-eyed devil of a rapacious and pitiless folly."

Dog Soldiers, which last week won the National Book Award for fiction, is a moral tract, moreover one that by God drives home its lesson. The conclusion of *Dog Soldiers* is a skillful but routine shoot-'em-up, because it had nowhere to go. But what leads it there is a sermon for this very Sunday, an instruction on the meaning of The Folly On The Airstrip At Da Nang. The most pitiless folly of all is to surrender a criminal to a Cause, for a criminal to surrender his acts to circumstances beyond his control. Rusty Calley in Robert Stone's book would be no poor pawn, or victim. A man writes his own history, his own imperatives, act upon act: Calley pulled the trigger, someone died, Calley pays. And those Vietnamese Black Panthers, doing their own Calley on the airfield at Da Nang, kicking their wives and kids off the last plane out, they weren't ants or cogs or victims. They were men, each fucking up in his own way, from choice. Is this not a novel lesson, and revenge against the murderous fables of the Age?

End of a boffo run

FINAL TRIBUTE

By Mark Goodman

The final curtain is about to ring down on Vietnam, and to all the producers, directors and players who made this fabulous event possible, I just want to say thanks from a grateful spectator. For a dozen years now the Seven O'Clock News has been the dramatic high point of the American day, a time to sit down, relax, dig into our beef pot pies, and enjoy the spectacle of a nation being reduced to bloody cinder. Never before in history has the term *theater* been so aptly joined with the concept of *war*. Never before has mankind been able to witness, from a thankful distance, such gaudy acrobatics of fire and steel, live and in color. Carpet bombings, gunships, fire bases besieged, your occasional immolation: it was an act not even *The Untouchables* could touch. Now its subtle, exquisite agonies are drawing to a climax; we will be left with the crude *Kojak*.

Vietnam as we understand it (ironic joke there) began long before the McLuhan Age. It exploded in paleolithic times, when we were watching Uncle Miltie and Morry Amsterdam via coaxial cable. The U.S. didn't just win the big war for freedom, our leaders realized; we actually won the Free World and had to assume the attendant regal obligations. And if we had won the Free World, then it followed that we had "lost" China. It is a fitting turn to the final act of the Indochina extravaganza that Chiang Kai-Shek should die vaguely apprehending that his dream of rising up and throwing back the Red Horde was pure incense. But it was Chiang's fall in 1949, his humiliating retreat to Taiwan, that led Harry Truman to recognize the French-dominated government of Emperor Bao Dai. The capitulation of the French garrison at Dien Bien Phu in 1954 meant that we were in serious danger of losing another country to the communists, and fostered John Dulles' notion that if one Southeast Asian country fell, the rest would topple like, well, dominoes.

The outcome was inevitable, classic Greek tragedy, but we were then certain we could write history to suit our purpose, as we had been doing throughout the century. Anyway, we had to try, or we would lose our "credibility" (never again will a sober American be able to speak with amused condescension of the Oriental's obsession with saving face). No, the ferocious pageant had to go on; enter the principal characters, center stage.

The ladies, led by Madame Nhu, captured the audience's imagination as they had in no previous war since the Maid of Orleans laid siege to the English. We provided two pips, one to each side. Stage right: that ghastly little sunbeam, Julie Nixon Eisenhower. Stage left: that grim *passionara*, Jane Fonda.

If I had been directing this show, Julie and Jane would have been the last two Americans left in Vietnam. I would set Ms. Fonda out on Route I to watch the wailing stream of 2 million refugees. I would have Mrs. Eisenhower mingle with the government troops so that she might witness first-hand their sturdy devotion to the land and people they deeply love, then let her make her stand in front of the presidential palace, ready, as she once pledged, to die for the Thieu regime.

There were, of course, ponderous male leads aplenty when we were still pretending that we did not know how it would all end, when it was still serious drama: John Kennedy and his Green Berets, Robert Strange McNamara with his human flow charts, Lyndon Johnson and Richard Nixon with their heavens full of B-52s. In those days men like Col. Jack Patton III, lightheartedly asserting that he "loved to see the arms and legs flying," merely provided standard war comedy relief. Now that the tone has shifted to savage farce, the buffoons have taken over. There is Henry Kissinger as Peter Sellers, plainly in a pout because his Nobel Peace Prize for the Paris Agreements has been wantonly smudged. And then there is our President as Steinbeck's Lenny, stroking putts at Palm Springs instead of a dead squirrel in his pocket. Quick to chart his course and bold enough to follow it, he broke into an antic jog when pursuing reporters questioned him about Vietnam. "Oh, ho, ho," he chortled. "Oh, ho, ho."

This, then, is the spectacular to which world leaders invited us, and our lives will be the emptier for its passing. Yet we are, after all, but poor balcony patrons. Only the children in the front rows, seeing their first war, can fully appreciate the impact of the drama. Oh, 980 have been untimely wrenched from the theater—victims, we understand, of political subversion and/or guilt-drenched sentimentality. But the millions that are left—their limbs rent by communist mortar shells, their flesh crispened by American napalm, their shriveled bodies stacked like cordwood on the docks and blackening in the pitiless South China sun—how they must marvel as they peer through their tears and their bewilderment at the ancient pageant that the grown-ups have revived for them! Look down upon them, producers, directors and cast; and take your final bows. ●

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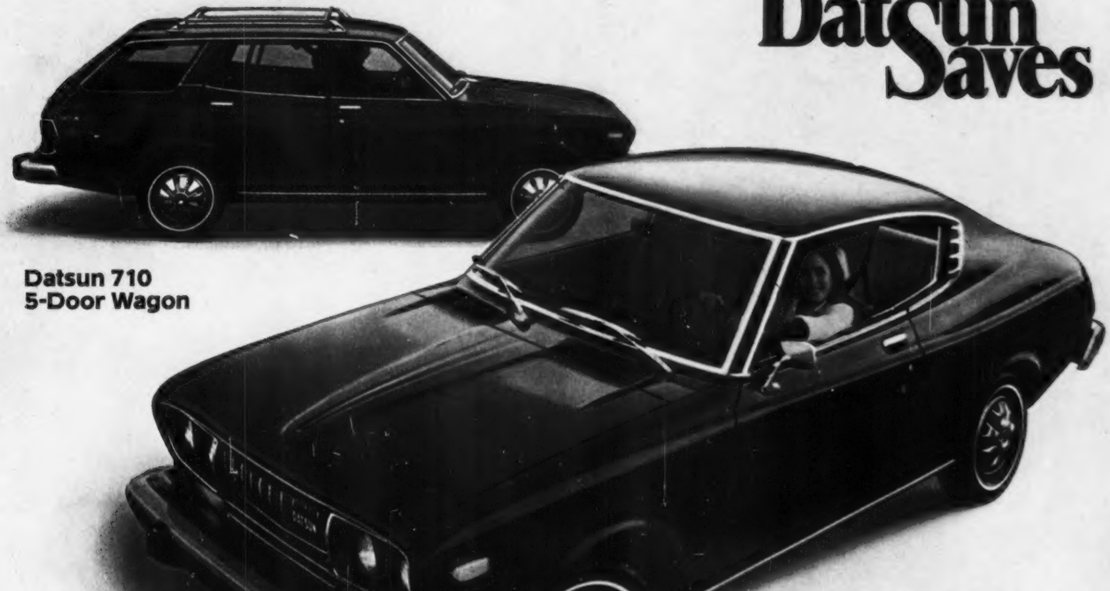

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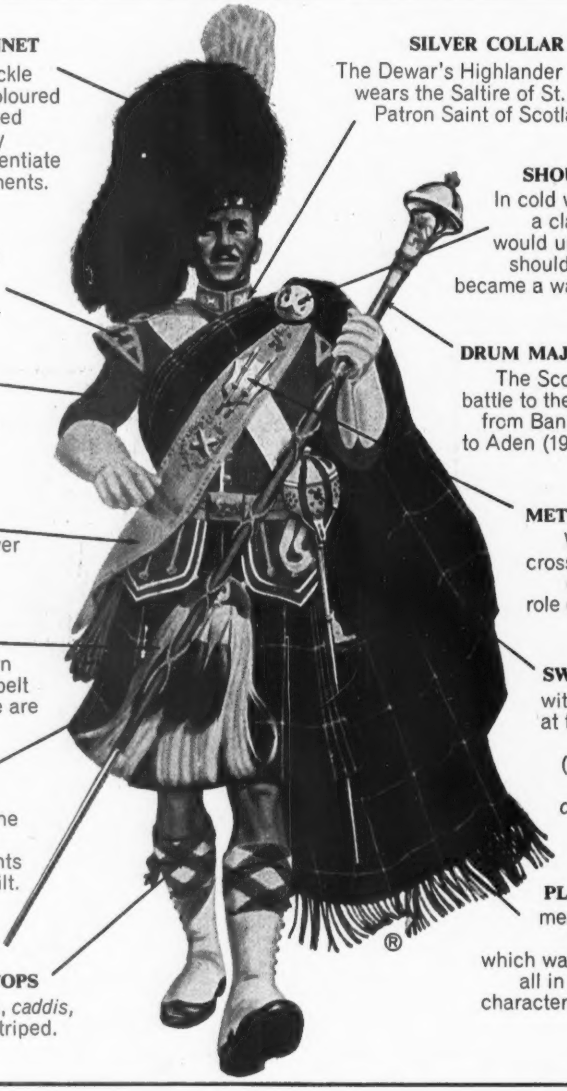

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